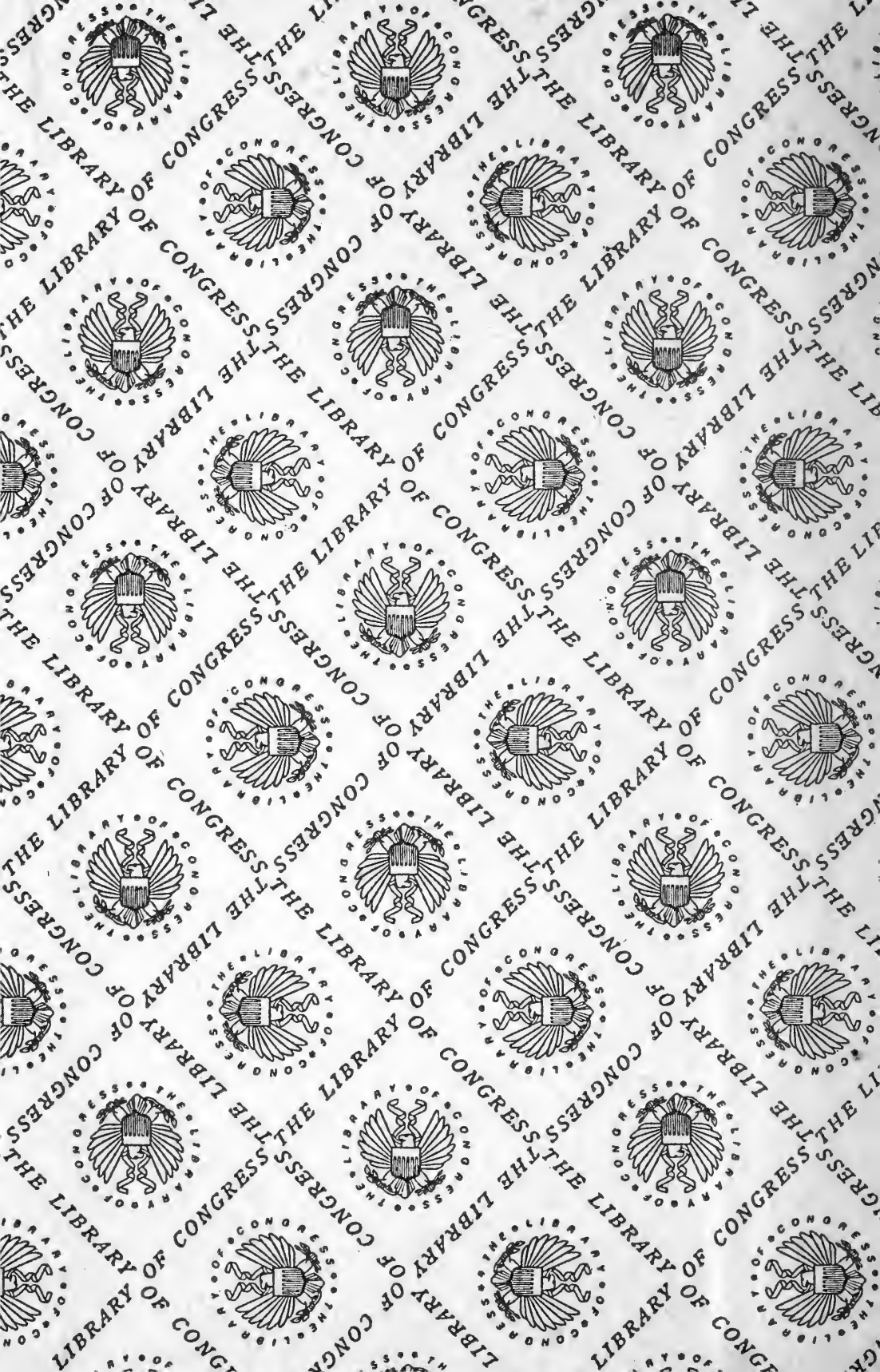
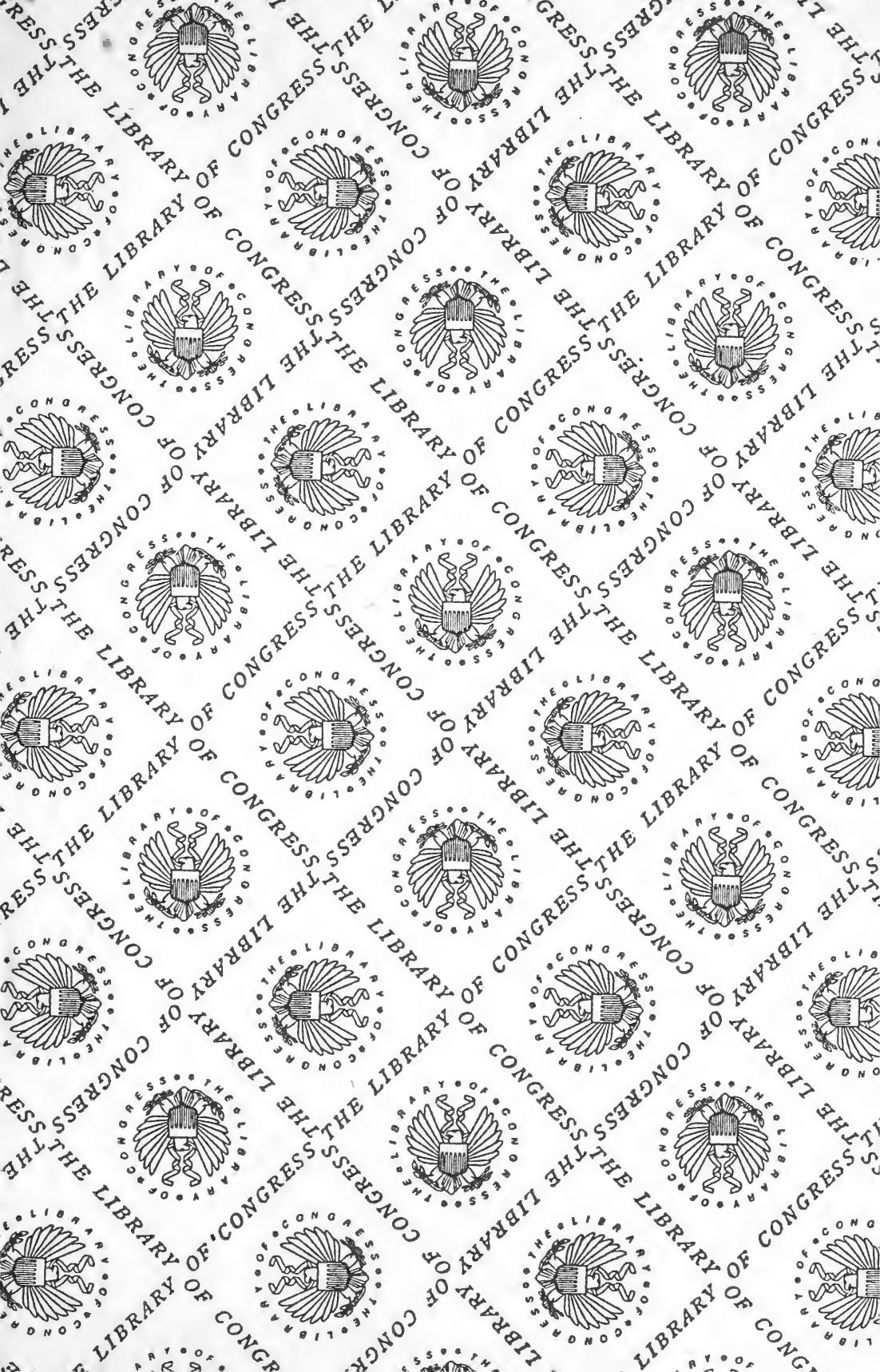


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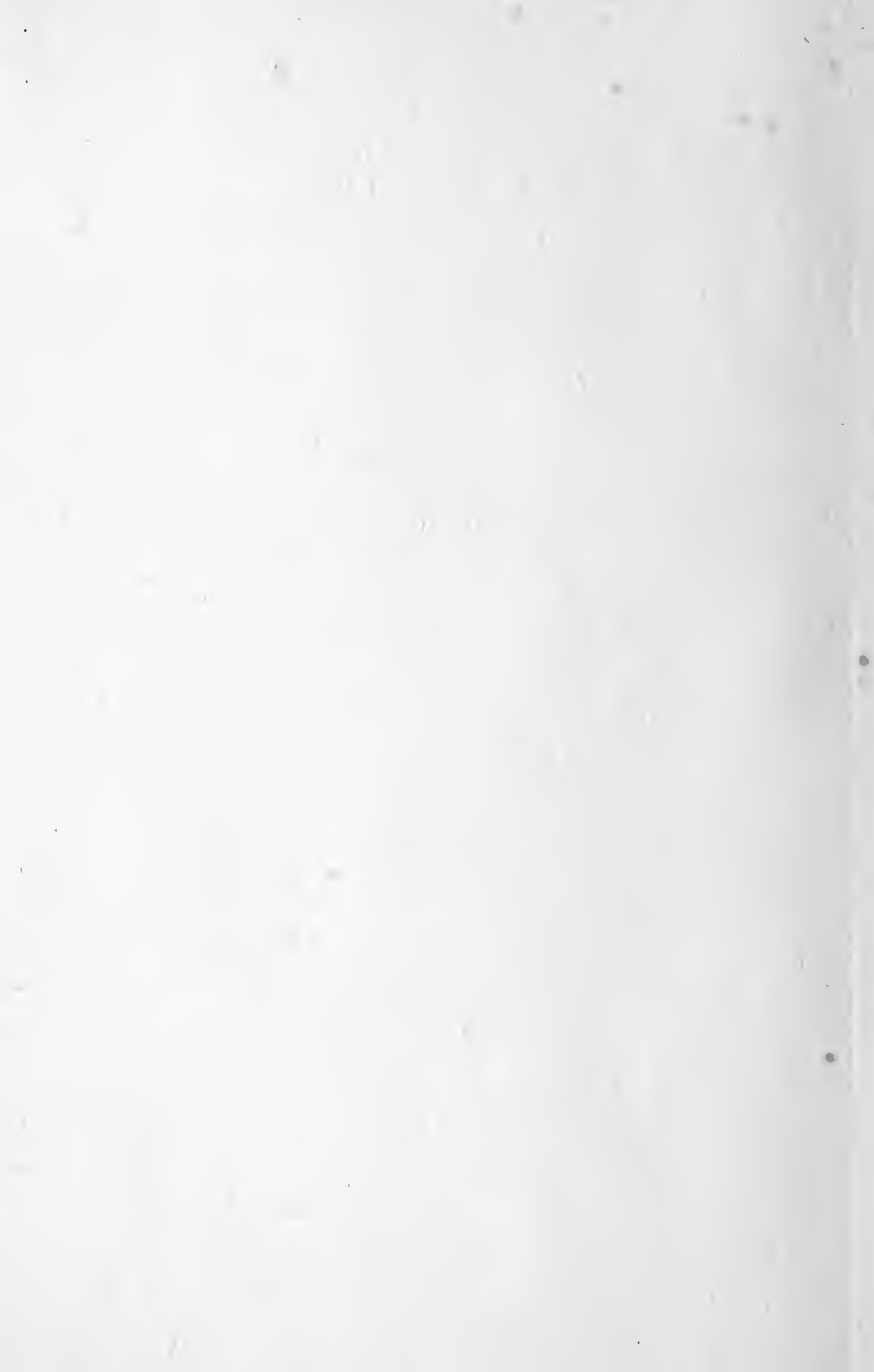
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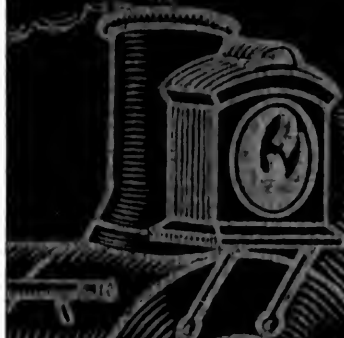
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HEAD LIGHT FLASHES

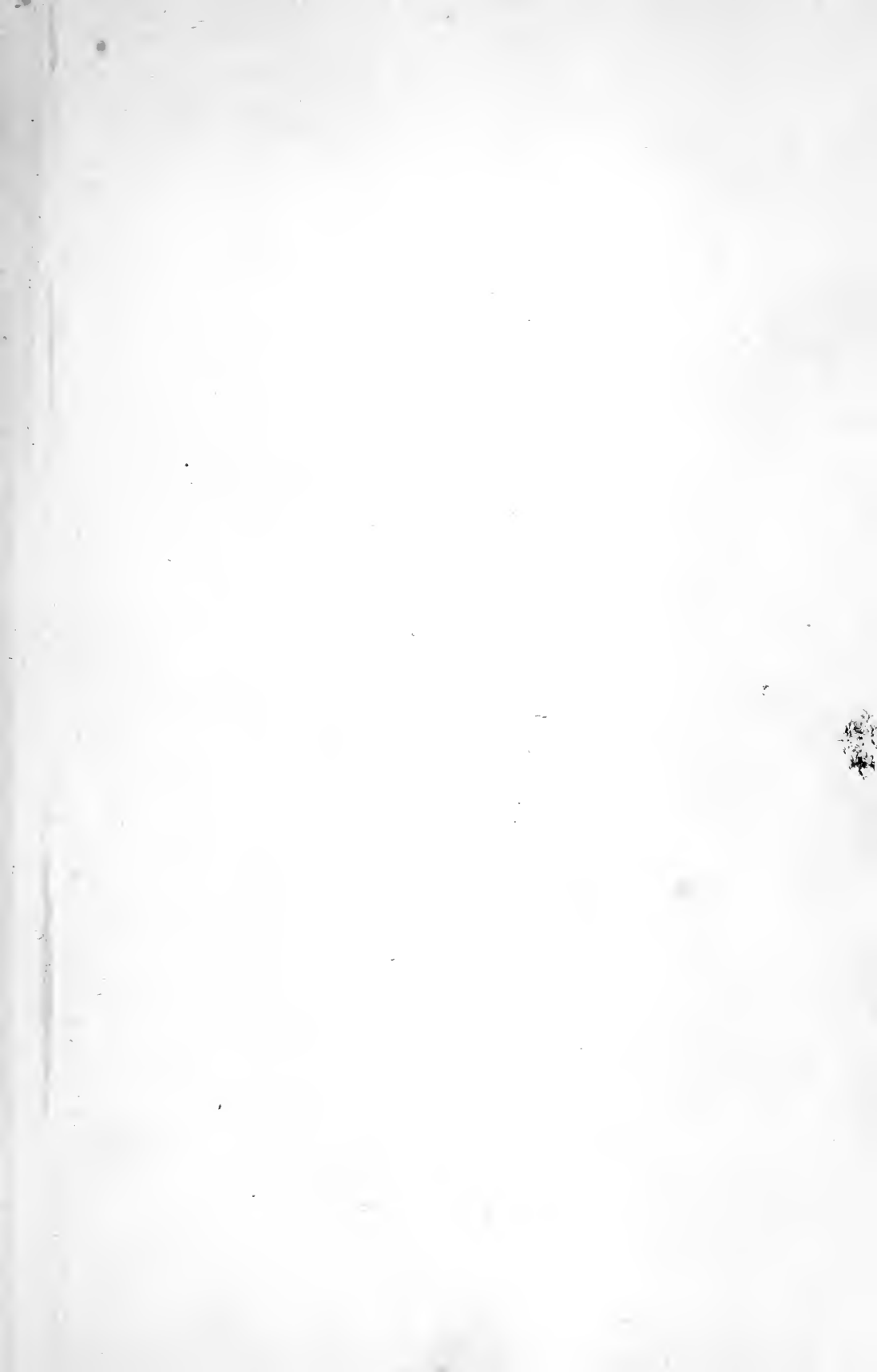


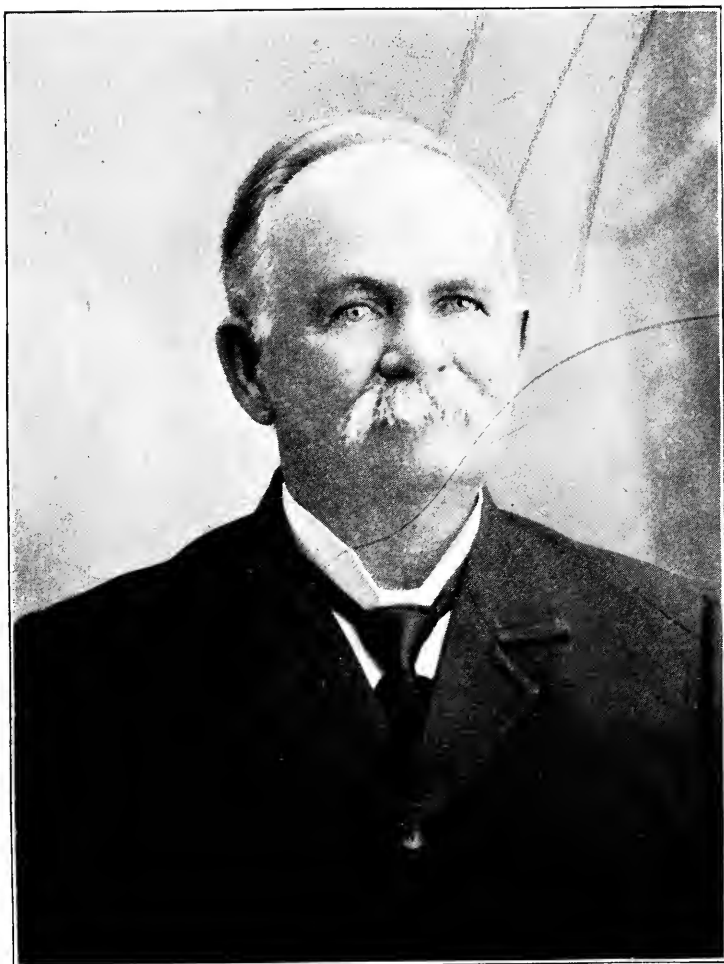
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WM. B. MINAHAN.

Headlight Flashes

OR

FACTS IN VERSE

Political, Biographical, Historical
and Social

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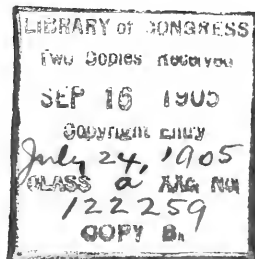
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CASTLE-PIERCE PRINTING CO.
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Thirty Years Ago.

Old Father Time in thirty years
Has made a wondrous change;
Behold how Stony Brook appears,
'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange.

Upon the spot where now we stand
And where our speeches flow,
The warrior heard his chief's command,
But thirty years ago.

This lovely scene which meets the eye,
 Wore once another look,
 Ere Erin's sons came here to buy
 The wilds of Stony Brook?

Where Duffy's house³ at present stands
 In quiet here below,
 The savage sat beside his brands
 Scarce thirty years ago.

The forest wild has disappeared,
Beneath the woodman's blows,
And on its site free homes are reared,
For haughty Albion's foes.

On many a wide luxuriant field,
Where golden harvests glow,
The "monarchs of the forest" ⁴ reeled,
Not thirty years ago.

Ere thirty more have passed away
The boys who speak tonight
May form a chivalrous array
In battle for the right.

Some may be Patrick Henrys
Upholding freedom's cause,
And earn a proud distinction
In fashioning our laws.

Some lead in the professions
Of medicine and law;
Some one may be a jurist—
A judge without a flaw.

What each shall be in life
Depends upon himself;
Much more on manly qualities
Than on corrupting pelf.

Still wealth should be respected
When put to noble uses;
Work bravely to secure it,
But condemn its vile abuses.

Whatever fortune rule us,
Be our station high or low,
We'll think of the Old Log School House
Of thirty years ago.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

1. This is a declamation composed for and delivered by the eleven-year-old son of the writer, Robt. E. Minahan, at the closing exercises of School district No. 6, in March, 1869, and was published in a republican paper (the Reflector). This is the first poetical composition of the writer published. It attracted the attention of John P. Hume, who edited the democratic Chilton Times, but who was then "at outs" with the writer. A couple of years after Hume and he became reconciled and Hume asked him to write an annual address for his paper, as stated in note under these addresses.

2. "Stony Brook" was not only the name of the stream but was a name applied to a settlement of Irish people on that tribu-

tary of the Manitowoc river. It comprised portions of the south end of the town of Chilton and adjoining part of Brothertown. The original pioneers have disappeared, and but two or three of their descendants remain. Germans occupy the once exclusively Irish neighborhood.

3. This house stood by the Manitowoc river on the town line on the site of a former Indian camping ground.

4. Large white oak trees very common in the original forest. Only a few of them remain.

Am indebted for the preservation of this poem to the following singular coincidence: On its appearance in print the next year after its delivery a little girl then under ten years of age cut it from the paper in which it was published and preserved it in a scrap-book. This was years before she knew the boy who delivered it. In his early manhood they became acquainted and were married. When I came to inquire of my son whether he remembered it and could assist me in reproducing it, the scrap was brought forth from its long hiding place much to my gratification at the pleasing and romantic episode, before unknown to me.

The Bennett Law.

What is this famous Bennett law
Which turns the democratic maw?
Is it some sanguinary rule
Subversive of the home and school,
Consigning millions yet to be,
To ignorance and slavery?
O, no, tis but a regulation
Regarding primary education;
Requiring guardians of youth
To do just what they ought, in truth;
It makes a plain and wholesome rule
To send the boys and girls to school.
This wholesome law or regulation
Secures a needed education

In the fair language of the state,
Which all should gladly cultivate.

Now, where's the wrong in this provision?
Some other eye with keener vision
Must be employed to search it out
From deep bewilderment of doubt.
What's vicious in the English tongue,
What party says the law is wrong?
Go mark it well, and plunge it deep
Into the gulf where traitors sleep.
The best equipment for the young
Is health of body, brain and lung.
The next is moral character and tone
For these, good seed is early sown.
To clothe the citizen with might
To wage the contest for the right,
He must be armed in Mental Power;
Before this falchion tyrants cower,
And foul Corruption hides her head;
Wrong contemplates its form with dread.

And shall our noble Badger state
Haul down her flag—capitulate,
And leave to millions yet unborn,
This vapid legacy of scorn?
No, once again unsheathe the sword
And rally round the name of Hoard;²
The bloodless conflict lies before us.
All sing the patriotic chorus—
Protect the state, the home, the school;
Be this the salutary rule,
And when at last we yield the ghost
We'll leave our children at their post
Completely panoplied in might
To win the battle for the right.





DR. R. E. MINAHAN, OF GREEN BAY.
OLDEST SON OF AUTHOR

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

1. A law passed in 1889, requiring parents and guardians to send children and wards to school twelve weeks each year to receive instruction in the English language. This was made the state issue in 1890 when Hoard, its champion, was defeated by Peck.

2. William D. Hoard, governor of Wisconsin 1889-1891.

The Iconoclast.

The mayor arose one winter day,
As morning's sun shone o'er Green Bay;
His brow was marked with lines of care,
His eye shot forth an angry glare,
For painful thoughts had disturbed his rest,
And aroused a storm within his breast;
The vibrant notes had assailed his ear
Of a moral stench in the atmosphere,
—Of gambling hells—a gangrenous sore
From "the hill" clear down to the sedgy shore;
A school of corruption for young and old,
In their mad pursuit of delusive gold.
He had listened with shivers of chagrin
To accounts of the dark, revolting sin—
Of how the gudgeons freely bet
On the meager chances of roulette,
And saw their dollars disappear,
Like steam in the sweeping atmosphere,
While other fools as long as able,
Lost their cash at the faro table,
And dusky fools quite blind to traps,
Dropped their nickels at game of craps.
Young lawyers, innocent of law
Lost their "stuff" on games of "draw;"
Smart clerks who "borrowed from the till"
Unmindful of their master's will,
Slunk home with cheeks as pale as lard,

With conscience seared and credit marred
Like ship in shallows, on her keel,
Unmindful of "Thou shalt not steal."
And fashion's votaries were there
To scorn the perils of the snare.
Doctors, mechanics, laboring men
Swindled each other in every den;
A countryman from "up the line"
Had returned home with a dismal whine;
He had come to town with near two hundred
And went away completely plundered.
The mayor resolved in a vigorous way
To sear the foul cancer of Green Bay;
He placed his ax neath his cutter seat
And drove along through the busy street;
He gave the policemen strict command
To follow the course which he had planned,
To load upon drays the gambler's tools
Which long had wheedled silly fools,
And hustle them on to the City Hall,
Where he was going at duty's call.
Upon their prompt arrival there
The tools were unloaded with gentle care,
When the mayor, divested of coat and vest,
Swung his ax at his level best;
The splinters of oak and mahogany flew
In a manner spectacular, weird and new
Which made the arterial blood recoil
When the crowd saw two gallons of kerosene oil
Poured on the fragments—a match's flame
Started the blaze—and the tools of shame
Were reduced to ashes and floating gases
To be used no more by dishonest asses.
The paraphernalia—wheels, tables and all—
Had been taken before to the City Hall
And stored in the basement by other mayors
And after a season restored to the players;

But thanks to the mayor's vigorous whacks
With his most effective battle ax,
The slot machines will return no more
To gather half dimes from the idiots' store.

Should other mayors follow suit,
The ax would bear good, graftless fruit;
But cowards are often city mayors;
Too few are Davids—Goliath slayers.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

1. This is a name applied to the mayor of Green Bay on account of his destruction of the gambling tools minutely described in the poem.

2. "The hill" is a term applied to the southern or upper part of the city.

3. The name of the party fleeced was not learned by the writer but the amount of his loss was \$170.00.

4. This is a faithful narration of the actual transaction.

Pulled Through.

In the recent ebullition
Of the democratic brew,
Parker was demoralized,
And Roosevelt pulled through.
The trusts were shy of Teddy,
And didn't like to trust him.
Afraid they couldn't rule him
They laid their plans to "bust" him.

They couldn't swing Chicago
With their frenzied Addicks crew,
They feared to show their enmity
And Roosevelt pulled through.

They crossed the Mississippi
To the Missouri town,
And secured the nomination
For Parker, "hands down."

The eloquence of Bryan,
So potent years before,
Convinced that mighty body
With the cogency of yore.
But the delegates were hampered
By Wall street's golden will,
So they bowed the head to Sheehan
And bent the knee to Hill.

Then the plutocratic millions
Were thrown to Parker's side,
But it didn't cause a ruffle,
On the populist tide.
The people got cantankerous,
And didn't care a sou;
They dumped the whole caboodle,
And Teddy pulled through.

From distant Colorado,
There came an awful smell
Of idiotic tyranny,
By "General" Sherman Bell.
He was the tool of Peabody,
As everybody knew,
So democratic Alva Adams,
With Teddy pulled through.

In the state of Minnesota,
The grafters, on the run,
With the railroad corporations
Would make a governor of Dunn,
But when the game was called,
The *people* took the bat,

And knocked the combination
Into a dilapidated hat;
Johnson stood by Teddy
And the people by *the two*,
And like a Kansas cyclone,
Both pulled through.

Away in Massachusetts,
The state of Plymouth Rock,
The people gave the nation
A very pleasant shock.
For the democratic author
Of the famous Douglas Shoe,
Was harnessed up with Teddy
And both pulled through.

In the state of Missouri
Where democracy was strong,
Attorney Folk cleaned out a nest
Of rottenness and wrong;
And such a man for governor,
Would do, the people knew;
So they yoked him up with Teddy
And both pulled through.

'Way up in high Montana,
King Copper held his rule
Till a popular revulsion
Brought forth a mighty Toole.
Men clung to him and Teddy
Like the strongest kind of glue,
And like two bouncing bronchos
Both pulled through.

Upon the fertile prairies,
Of matchless Illinois
There spoke a lusty party
That brought her people joy.

A character was needed
Both powerful and keen,
A thorough anti-boodler—
They found him in Deneen.
He was coupled up with Teddy
And everybody knew
They would sweep from lake to Cairo,
And both pull through.

Wisconsin takes the medal
In the high dramatic fray,
For here the gang of boodle
Had made their strongest play.
Full well equipped for mischief,
With two senators to lead them,
And all the leading railroads
To haul the crowds and feed them.
Bereft of manly principle,
Loud-mouthed and deep of lung,
They assailed the gallant governor
With sewage of the tongue.¹
They could not meet his arguments,
(In fact they little tried)
For justice is invincible
And will not be denied.
A governor with courage,
Already in the seat
Must fight the battle over,
Or ingloriously retreat.

Like a hero, Bob La Follette
Stood manfully at bay,
And told the railroad minions
Reform had come to stay.
He beat them in convention,
But they organized a rump,
So he met them at the hustings
And scourged them from the stump.

The people rushed to hear him,
In many a mighty throng,
And spurned the faithless senators—
The advocates of wrong;
He was harnessed up with Teddy—
Two leaders staunch and true—
They distanced their competitors,
And both pulled through.
The bright, laborious Vilas,
'Mid a wealth of erudition,
Led his chieftains, Peck and Parker,
To political perdition.

And thus be it ever
When freemen shall pour
To the firing line
In the battle's mad roar;
Let hireling intellect
When thus misapplied
Be submerged, while the right
Stands erect in its pride.

The lesson has significance
For proud Columbia's youth,
That high and manly qualities
Of courage, probity and truth
Are sure of recognition
By a people great and grand,
When the sun of high intelligence
Floods our broad and happy land.
While knavery too oft becomes
A victor in the fight,
A wise and virtuous people
Are ever for the right.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.

1. This stanza has special reference to a Janesville attorney who led the bolt to the Opera house and whose speech in Milwau-

kee, as well as his speeches at other points, were characterized by no serious attempt at argument, and consisted of personal abuse of the governor.

My Neighbor Dillet.

Amid life's trials and its labors,
Man should be generous to his neighbors ;
"Be to their faults a little blind
And to their virtues very kind."
Keeping this apothegm in view,
And to the truth obedient too,
'Tis harmless to delineate
Their foibles—each peculiar trait,
Faults to condemn, qualities to laud,
Things to reproach, others to applaud.
None are perfect, each a combination,
Exciting dislike or approbation.
With these principles to guide us,
No serious differences divide us.

My neighbor Dillet hither came,
An honest man of humble fame.
He settled in the Chilton woods
With no large stock of worldly goods—
Ideal spot¹—a sylvan shade
As fair as nature ever made.
With ax and mattock, grubbing hoe
He cleared a patch to plant and sow.
Each year he added to his clearing,
Admitting sunlight warm and cheering
His children, corn and pumpkins grew
Luxuriant, as they ever do,
When circumstances are propitious
And nothing enters vile or vicious.

Dillet was a little queer,
His choicest sport, to chase the deer ;

By this propensity was able
To furnish plenty for his table.
In stature, he was tall and slim ;
His dress was fashioned by a whim
Which he indulged for many a year,
While he hunted bear and deer.
With buckskin suit and cap of coon
He personated Daniel Boone,²
Whose life he read, whom he admired.
When in his buckskin suit attired,
And armed with his faithful gun,
Was the pioneer of Lexington.

His wife—the faithful, patient Kitty—
Received the neighbors' ardent pity,
For Dillet's voice was often gruff
And rose quite frequent in a huff.
Her voice was always soft and mild,
His cranky moods she soon beguiled,
And she obeyed him to the letter ;
She never scolded, nought could fret her.

When first I met this forest ranger
In Chilton village, "Hello, stranger,"
Said he to me. "I understand
That you have bought the Madden land,³
And I don't like the blasted news,
It gives me the ague and the blues."
"What," said I "did you want to buy it?"
"No, stranger, no, I must deny it,
But here's the fact, good neighbor mine
Would if I could, the land is fine,
Just let me speak, don't be in a rush ;
You have a splendid sugar bush.
Five hundred sap-troughs I have made,
Before I heard you made the trade ;
For Tommy told me I could use
The bush, that's why I have the blues.

Now you may take an ugly notion
To put another plan in motion."
"No, go right on, do as you please,
But be careful how you tap the trees."

No more was said, the season passed,
When neighbor Dillet came at last
And said "The sugar is divided,
One eighth is yours, I have decided;
So come and get it at your leisure."
"I'll go at once," I said, "with pleasure
And bring it before I'm an hour older."
So, slinging a grainsack on my shoulder,
I turned to go, he looked in wonder,
And said to me in tones of thunder:
"Now, neighbor, what's the use to brag?
You cannot bring it in that bag!"
We made just sixteen hundred pounds,
And your share's two hundred; zounds!
You cannot lug it on your back,
Nor even get it in that sack."
So, from my nearest neighbor, Skahen's
I took a stoneboat—rude conveyance—
And brought the appreciated store
To my humble cabin door.
My children clapped their hands in glee
And reveled in the luxury;
Their mother with judicious care,
And with satisfaction rare
Used it in our daily fare.

For years we lived as kindly neighbors;
Each helped the other in farm labors,
And in our life's extensive span
He proved himself an honest man.
In two things we could not mix,
—Differed in religion and politics.
But in our neighborly discussion

We were not like the Jap and Russian.
One day in 'seventy-one he came,
And, after calling me by name,
Said, "Now, friend Minahan, they say
That you were named the other day
By the republican convention
For county office. My intention
In coming here is to denote
That you cannot get *my* vote.
But all my boys—every son—
You'll get their votes, sure's a gun!
Now, I want you to understand
My boys were born in Yankee land
And the whole five are truly free
To vote for you; but as for me,
I took an oath I must obey;
You see, I'm not as free as they.
'Support the constitution!' no man,
Who took that oath can vote republican,
But surely as I stand forinst^s you
I shall not cast my vote against you."

"Friend Dillet, you've my hearty thanks;
Such tidings from your friendly ranks
Gives me courage, I assure you;
I would not flatter nor allure you.
But I wish to tell you this,
The voter cannot vote amiss
If to his conscience he is true
And keeps this principle in view:
Vote for a faithful, honest man
Whether democrat or republican.
If you think your candidate
The better man, support him straight.
And you and I can meet as friends
While each his principles defends.
We have done it in the past.
Let each a fearless ballot cast,

For in each party, you can find
Good men and bad—every kind;
No citizen is really free
Who is so blind he will not see
That bosses put in nomination
In town, county, state and nation,
Some candidates unfit to do
The people's business, fair and true.
Your home is fixed, you are no 'floater'
But an honest, independent voter;
Your vote is yours; it's a disgrace
To let mere friendship, creed or race
Or crazy politics control it,
Or let some heeler brag he stole it.
The *common good* to you and me
Is dearer than a friend can be;
The constitution you obey
Bestows no vote to give away.
Your duty is to guide it ever
Allow no man to rule it—never.
The fittest man should surely get it;
By right 'tis his—now don't forget it.
If Watrous⁵ is the better man
We can't afford another plan
Than to support him with a will.
Remember you're a freeman still—
An honest democrat, you see
Whether you vote for him or me."

Jackson was a democrat;
I do not need to tell you that.
He took the oath which Dillet took,
With faithful hand upon The Book,
And it was charged by friends of Clay
He broke it; what did Jackson say?
"The constitution as the Fathers made it
I follow straight, and won't evade it—

Obeys it as the Fathers planned it,
And not as others understand it."
All party men will disagree,
Born here or across the sea,
He heeds the constitution best
Who heeds his conscience's behest.

"Now Neighbor Minahan, 'tis clear
I have no bugaboo to fear."

No more was said; he went away
And hustled on election day.⁷

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

1. The house was built on a slight eminence near a very large spring furnishing a bountiful supply of pure water. It was truly an ideal spot for a home.

2. His meager library contained a Life of Daniel Boone, which he frequently read over and over. The Kentucky pioneer became his model. He dressed, acted and lived as nearly like his model as was practicable.

3. The tract of land purchased by the writer from ex-Governor Harrison Ludington of Milwaukee, was, for several years known as the "Madden land," because a cooper named Thomas Madden, called by his neighbors Tommy, had bought it but failed to make the contract payments and abandoned it years before, but claimed to own it.

4. Having no expectation of receiving a share of the sugar, Dillit's announcement came as a surprise, and this surprise was intensified when the quantity produced became known.

5. This word, now obsolete, was quite commonly used by the Irish and even the English and Scotch, and meant, confronting, or before, and is still retained in the vocabulary of some of the older people of these nationalities.

6. Watrous was my opponent.

7. He went away, making no promises but, as I learned afterward, he not only voted for the writer but was no mean factor,

through his quiet persuasion of others, in the writer's success; still he never boasted of it, but his hearty handshake in congratulation told the story.

The "Dictator."

"A dictator, that's what he is,"
The truant pupil fiercely said,
"My teacher is a dictator,
I wish all tyranny were dead."

"What has your teacher done?"
Inquired the pupil's friend;
"Done! He makes me toe the mark
His tyranny you can't defend.

He gives me orders like a king
And I won't stand his cruel rule;
I have to mind the folks at home
And I want liberty in school."

Dictator! "None ever felt
The hangman's halter draw
With any great affection
For retributory law."

Dictator! That's what a senate is
When its reforms are beaten
By liquid bribery, and it suspends
The daisy, Barney Eaton.²

Dictator! He's a governor
That's bound to have his way,
Because the constitution
He has sworn to obey:

Requires frequent messages
To the makers of our laws
Suggesting needed changes
With explanatory cause.

The trusts and lordly railroads
Can't suffer the vexation—
So away with Bob La Follette
And his "meddlesome dictation." ³

Yes, away with him to Washington
To take his senate station,
And aid the great reform crusade
Now sweeping like an inundation
Over the whole awakened nation.

He grapples with a giant's task—
A truly rugged path pursues,
For the senate long ago was packed
With Gormans and Depews;

Can he induce great tools of wealth
To act at once like honest men,
Throw up their graft-begotten jobs
Or serve the people once again?

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

1. This was applied as a term of reproach to Governor La Follette by his opponents, on account of his strenuous insistence on the strict observance of all promises of reforms made to the people.

2. Senator Barney Eaton was suspended for having used a hundred dollars (according to his own testimony) in treating other legislators to liquor, etc., to influence them to oppose the "Barber Bill," which provided for the examination and license of barbers.

3. This was the cry against Governor La Follette by the railroads and their assistants in the campaign of 1904.

A Creation. (Not Mosaic.)

Old Satan sat upon a log,
Constructing something like a hog,
 With eyes a little duller ;
All at once he changed his plan,
Formed it something like a man,
 And called it David Buller.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

I. Note. This would not be found among my collection of poems were it not for the humorous circumstances attending its origin. In the spring of 1860, after the writer had finished teaching his first term of school in the town of Rhine, Sheboygan county, he came to Fond du Lac and secured employment as a shoemaker, which trade he had learned and followed in the state of New York. This was before the manufacture of boots and shoes had been concentrated in great factories where machinery has in a great measure superseded manual skill. He began work in a shop on Main street where five other journeymen worked; and where such a number of men working at any sedentary employment are congregated, no small degree of conversation and discussion is indulged in. Politics, religion, history, science, as well as the peculiarities and shortcomings of the people of different nationalities are canvassed in a style limited only by the degree of intelligence and inclination of the company. A great deal of joking and badgering were indulged in, and as the conversation was mostly good-natured there was a good opportunity for intellectual and social development. The shop crew consisted of two Irishmen, one Frenchman, one German and two Americans. One of the Americans, a young man named David Buller, was occasionally disposed to indulge in bitter and offensive quips at the expense of foreign nationalities, though whatever their origin, every one of the crew was as thoroughly American in spirit as he was, and had no disposition to retaliate in kind. The writer gave close attention to the discussions but refrained as much as possible from participation, contenting himself with a careful

estimation of the mental power and degree of intelligence of each companion. One day he became reluctantly involved by Mr. Miller, the French member of the group, who was engaged in a dispute with Buller, saying, "Well shopmate, what do *you* think of that?" The writer replied, "Maybe Mr. Buller is mistaken." Upon this mild doubt of the latter's assertion, Buller retorted by saying, "Well, May-bees have not shown up so early, for this is April." This was said in a tone of triumphant sarcasm intended as a settler when the writer replied good-naturedly, "Well, you are correct about the month but when they do arrive you are not likely to know it for you have not the odor of honey to attract them." At this mild sally all laughed heartily at Buller, who became quite resentful and lost no time in returning to the attack, but was easily foiled. The next day the writer returned early from dinner, took his seat and wrote in a bold plain hand on the back of a sheet of sandpaper the verse describing the "Creation." This the Frenchman tacked up where Buller could not avoid seeing it on his arrival; he immediately read it aloud until he reached the last line, when he became very angry and said, "Who in hell wrote that?" His anger was drowned in peals of laughter from the whole crew, when he again put on his coat and was gone until evening when he returned, "packed his kit," and took a job at another shop in town. The account of his creation, however, followed him for "the boys" in the other shop learned it and repeated it to him whenever he showed symptoms of becoming "gay."

A Rejoinder.

You spent three years in 'Frisco,
Our city by the sea
And have a friendly feeling
For "The Empire of the Free."

You drank in rich libations
At her deep Pierian spring,
And have a friendly feeling,
For her rugged citizen-king.

Mere birth in other nations
Gives rank above what's due;
Here character and principle
Must pull the leader through.

The men of other countries
Behold Columbia fair
And whisper "Her great ruler
Has killed a grisly bear." ²

'Tis true that mighty Britain
Confronts the Russian bear
But the most she ever did
Was to scare him to his lair.

And even then she had the help
Of the emperor of France;
It required all their prowess,
To check his bold advance.³

'Tis true she broke his greedy grasp
On fierce Afghanistan.
And now she makes a cat's paw
Of chivalrous Japan.

As to swapping rulers
We'd scarce agree to trade
For long ago we showed dislike
For rulers—ready made.

Your Edward is a gentleman
Well skilled in royal rule,
Yet we prefer a hero,
Brave, strenuous and cool.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

I. This is a reply to a poetic answer made by an Australian nephew of the writer to the latter's poem in this volume, "Pulled

Through." This nephew had taken a course in dentistry at one of the colleges of the University of California. He is a loyal British subject and entitled his answer, "What does it matter to me," in which he playfully banters the writer for a trade or exchange of rulers.

2. Written while President Roosevelt was on his great bear hunt in Colorado.

3. Refers to the Crimean War.

The Lost Link.

BY MEDORA

I take up the golden links today,
Of a chain thrown down one summer night,
And feebly strive in my woman's way
To weld those links that have gleamed so bright.
I dreamed of the work I had to do
And thought 'twere only a little task;
I said to my heart when skies are blue,
I'll finish the chain, 'tis all I ask;
I rose with the beams of the morning sun
And nobly worked at my forge all day,
Till the stars came whitely one by one
And shone to the vaults of blue and gray.
But all in vain did I labor long
For the golden chain grew bright apart.
"There seems to be always something wrong"
I sadly said to my waiting heart.
I read thy secret by early dawn
Oh chain which down at my feet was hurled,
I see one link is forever gone
Shall I find it in another world?

Some critics in the printing office wondered what was referred to as the "lost link" and asked the author to write an inquiry, not a poetic one, and he ungallantly furnished the following:

An Inquiry.

Oh, what is that link, thou sweet Medora,
Thou hast lost from thy golden chain?
Oh, was it an ingot of heavenly thought,
That was coined in thy radiant brain?
Or was it some youth of noble form
Thy idol by night and by day?
Has his heart been won by a fairer girl,
Has he turned from thy charms away?
Thy readers are anxious to know, Medora,
The theme which has given thee pain;
Will you deign to explain the mysterious link
That is lost from thy golden chain?

The fact is, the fair poetess was a coy maiden who had fallen in love with the young foreman of a printing office in a neighboring city and brought him emanations from her pen frequently. On one occasion the wife of the young foreman was in the office and was introduced to the poetess. Her next and last effusion brought to that office was entitled "Withered Hopes" and was suggestive of the situation. Not very long after this, there appeared in the Chilton Times from her pen a short poem entitled by her "A Railway Flirtation," which was but a disguised and somewhat distorted version of the printing office flirtation as confidentially related to the writer by the male party. The "flirtation" with a truthful version, written by the author as a reply, are given.

A Railway Flirtation.

Because I answered you and smiled
(My ways were social from a child)
Because I read your blotted scroll¹
And knew the secrets of your soul,
Seemed pleased with every passing mood,
Ignored the bad and praised the good,
You thought I loved you.

Because I said such charming things,²
Of blighted hopes and broken rings,
Of faithful love and love grown cold,
And beauty bought with shining gold,
Because I spoke such shrilling words,
With voice as sweet as summer birds,
 You thought I loved you.

Because I looked up in your face
And sighed with such pathetic grace
And blushed and seemed to thrill
Beneath the magnet of your will;
While I looked up and you looked down,
Your gray eyes meeting mine of brown,
 You thought I loved you.

You did not ever know my name³
Nor where I lived, nor whence I came,
But when I yielded you my hand,
For one brief moment on the strand
In mute farewell when we did part,
You thought regret had touched my heart,
 You thought I loved you.

You "lived your life alone" you said,
All youthful loves were cold and dead,
And hoped that *we* should meet again,
(I feared you'd miss the morning train)
For since we'd met, ah, how you smiled
I knew you had a wife and child,⁴
 You thought I loved you.

I let you dream in man's conceit,
Another heart was at your feet,
Another conquest swiftly gained,
By adoration sweetly feigned.
Amid life's tides that ebb and flow
We're sure to meet and then you'll know
 How I adore (?)⁵ you.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

1. The writer referred to was an excellent penman and this line showed a trace of bitterness.
2. Throwing bouquets at herself.
3. Her name was subscribed to every poem she brought.
4. This was the climax.
5. The interrogation point was intended for biting sarcasm.

I Knew You Loved Me.

I saw it in your swimming eyes,
I heard it in your plaintive sighs;
Your voice like cooing of the dove,
Was pitched upon the key of love,
Whene'er you came to put in print
The ingots of your mental mint
I thought you loved me.

You tried to modestly conceal
The passions all young people feel,
But love can never be suppressed
When welling in a maiden's breast;
It makes a visible confession
In every movement and expression;
I thought you loved me.

I had for you, I will confess,
A feeling of sad tenderness,
Not love but sympathetic pity,
An admiration for the witty,
For you are a charming creature,
Of graceful action, comely feature,
I thought you loved me.

With true politeness did I greet you;
Whenever I had chanced to meet you;
You misinterpreted my meaning

For honest love is overweening.
Like surgeon's necessary knife
'Twas when I introduced my wife;
I thought you loved me.

Your next effusion was suggestive,
'Twas "Withered Hopes"—once bright and festive,
And when I read your poem through
No doubt remained, too well I knew
One woman's hopes were rudely shaken,
I saw I could not be mistaken;
You surely loved me.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.

- i. This is a reply to the "flirtation," giving a plain statement of the facts as related by the other party.

The Citizens' Duty.

If you would have the right prevail,
And wicked schemes and schemers fail,
Choose a true leader of your clan,
A brave, courageous, honest man,
And having found him, "hold the fort,"
Nor waver in a strong support.
A swindled people are but cattle,
If they prove cowards in the battle
Waged by leaders tried and true.
The foemen scatter, now pursue
And make your victory complete;
Then mingle mercy with defeat,
Be generous to the fallen foe
Nor add one pang unto his woe.
But keep this principle in view:
Be generous—but just and true,
The brave will never yield the fight,

The crucial battle for the right
To suit his profit or his ease;
He'll do what's rational to please.
But never will the true defender
Blast his name with base surrender.

La Follette's soul is being tried
In the crucible where pride
And other rubbish are consumed.
His ruin cannot be presumed,
Because he has already shown
He is pure bullion, fully known,
Within the people's hearts assayed.
Had he been "open for a trade,"
He might be now a millionaire
Entrapped in Rockefeller's snare.
They cannot wheedle him nor tie him,
And have not gold enough to buy him;
The people know him sound and true,
And have plenty work for him to do.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.

1. This was published in the reform campaign of 1904.

La Follette.

Now's the time for daring deeds,
Root out the legislative weeds!
Let every prudent freeman scorn
To suffer thistles in his corn.
Work away with all your might
To be a victor in the fight;
Be lofty principle your guide,
A beacon flashing far and wide.
Let no one with persuasive wallet
Mislead your vote from Bob La Follette;
Keep his apothem in sight:

'Tis safe to battle for the right.
Do this and you will send a shaft
Through the very heart of graft.
Here gallant freeman take your stand,
And help to make our Yankee land
The hope of millions yet to be,
A country prosperous and free.
Where Peabodys² will have no show
In planning Labor's overthrow;
Where wrong and tyranny shall quail
And right and justice shall prevail.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

1. Published in the fall of 1904.
2. Refers to ex-Governor Peabody of Colorado and his conduct with organized labor.

Thanksgiving Day, 1877.

Hail to thee, Thanksgiving Day,
Welcomed by saints and sinners,
Thou art a generous holiday,
A day of royal dinners.

They come, our distant relatives,
A troupe of "carpet baggers,"
And help us to enjoy the feast,
With appetites like daggers.

Who cares for bloody war abroad?
Who cares for Turk or Czar?
Our Turkey lies before our eyes,
Our prisoner of war.

With knife and fork we battle,
While Turk and Muscovite
Wield the sword and scimitar,
In their unholy fight.

They thank the Lord for every joy,
Both Muscovite and Turk,
But nought of right belongs to one,
Except by honest work.

Some wicked planners, it is true,
Oft get what others earn,
Their title to their provender,
Seems none of their concern.

Give thanks unto the giver,
Of every generous gift,
But thank none for the result,
Of another person's thrift;

Be generous to the giver,
For thanks are very cheap,
But thank no one for mutton,
Who never raised a sheep.

Thank no one for turkey,
(Except the Prince of Peace)
Who never cared for turkeys,
And never tended geese.

In eating, rule your appetite,
With discriminating care,
Or in your dreams the turkey
May turn to a nightmare.

The True Woman.

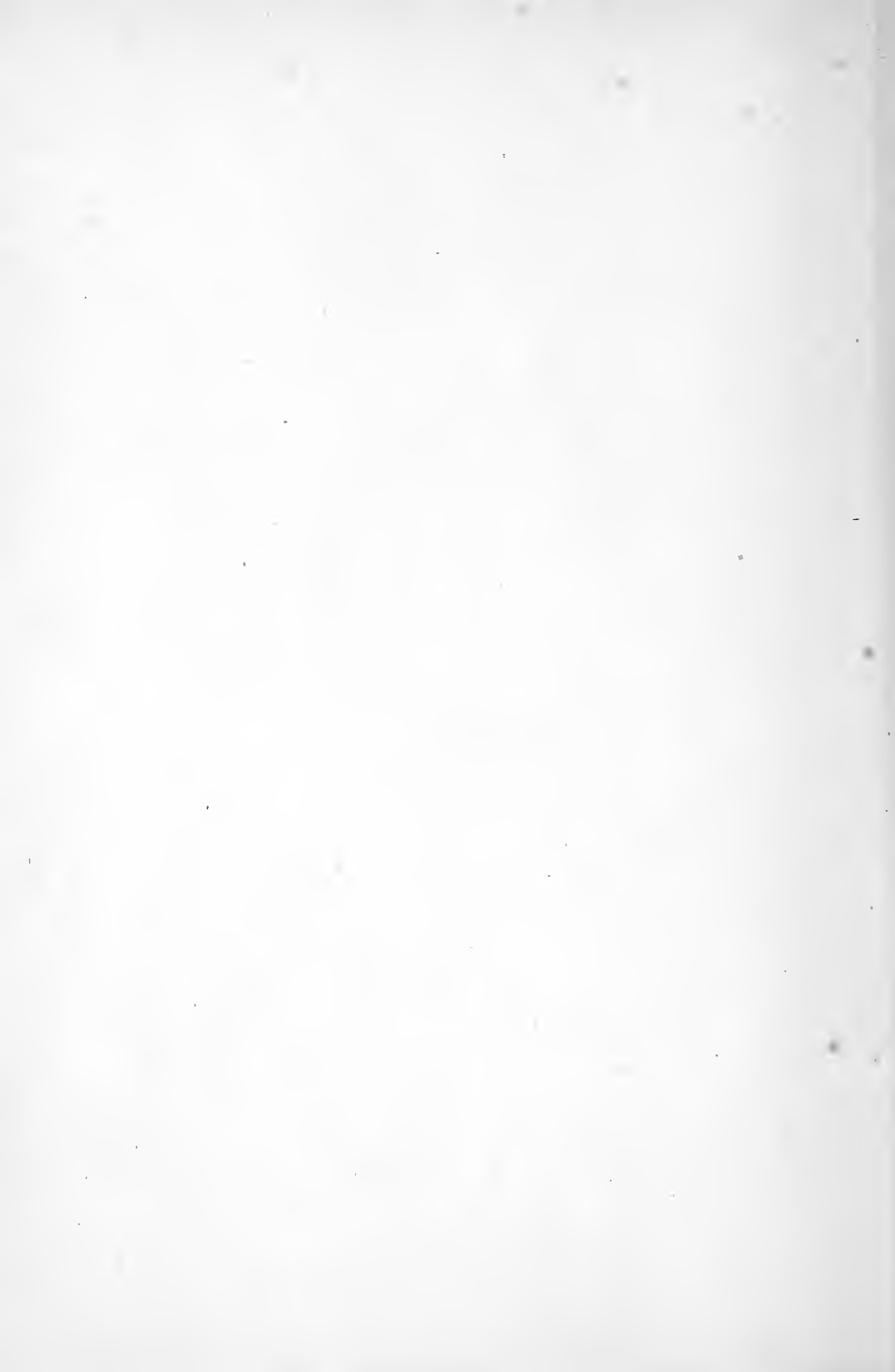
She who has judgment ripe and rare
To choose a mate with prudent care
Is one among the happy few
Who life's fair flowery path pursue.
But one among the fewer still
Is she who has the iron will,



MRS. MARGARET MINAHAN, MOTHER.

AT 90 YEARS

DIED IN 1895



Before the nuptial knot is tied
And she becomes a cheated bride,
To ship a dissipated lover
And drive him to another cover.
Far better tread the path of life
Alone, than be a drunkard's wife.

Such a woman is a gem
In virtue's glorious diadem
And is predestined to secure
A husband temperate and pure,
And o'er a happy home preside,
Her high ambition and her pride.
Nor does "the demon" stand alone,
For other fiends dispute his throne;
The brothel and the gambler's den
Rot deep the characters of men,
And make them totally unfit
For husbands; no woman with a jot of wit
Would for a moment entertain
The thought to wed a man insane;
Yet none is sane who does not know
The path of vice is one of woe.
When a young man tumbles in
The whirlpool of revolting sin
He shows he has no moral sense
And should abide the consequence.
'Tis best to let him sleep alone
And reap the thistles he has sown.

When a young woman has a "beau"
With eye alert and cheek aglow,
Who works and leads an honest life
And asks her to become his wife,
And she loves him—*as she should*,
For the true woman loves the good—
"Yes" should be her ready answer;
He's better than a dandy dancer,

With diamond flashing on his breast
And latest cut of coat and vest.
High qualities of heart and brain
With health and industry in train,
And habits of discreet propriety
Which far outrank those of "society"
With all its pageantry and pride
Which gild the crime—"race suicide."
When she is married to her man
She ought to have a settled plan,
To be a helpmate good and true,
And keep her duties full in view.
The kitchen and the dining room
Are her empire, while the broom
Forms one good weapon of defence
Against the dirt—to drive it hence.
Economy is not a crime
But a duty; meals on time
Prepared by her own willing hands
Will show that she quite understands
What her husband really needs.
All necessary work precedes
The ornamental in their order;
Let her be her own recorder
Of all expenses, never overlook
The functions of a studious cook;
For one good way to hold man's heart
Is through the culinary art,
To which she should be quite devoted
Even after she's promoted
To motherhood, for wholesome food
Makes healthy children, bright and good.
Each is a jewel in her crown
As were those jewels of renown
Which proud Cornelia had to show
That Roman lady long ago.²
And as these diamonds arrive
To throng the joyous parent hive,

Each should be faultlessly attired,
In clothing, not to be admired,
Except for simplicity and use,
In work and school; 'tis rank abuse
To deck the young in costly fashion
For it begets an evil passion.
To deck the mind with useful knowledge
Through home and school—and even college—
Is the good mother's darling aim,
Her title clear to honest fame.
That useful knowledge must include
The pearl of moral rectitude.
Then, turning to her wedding day,
She can most truthfully say,
"I've done my duty by my mate
And blessed him with man's best estate,
A home of true domestic bliss;
None can excel, few equal this."
A grateful nation well may say
To such a mother, "Bless the day
When all Columbia's women fair
Shall follow your example rare,
And turn their backs on "social life"
To imitate the model wife."

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

1. The first eighteen lines of this poem were first intended to be complete, but on reading them to a friend Dr. Stetson of Lima, Wis., the latter expressed himself as highly pleased, but suggested an expansion. The acceptance of the suggestion accounts for the chief part.

2. This refers to Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi who was visited one day by a rich lady wearing fine clothing and flashing jewelry. This rich lady said to Cornelia, whom she knew to be in humble circumstances, and, it is presumed, for the purpose of humiliating Cornelia, who had no tawdry jewelry, "Please to let me see your jewels." Cornelia replied, "Please to sit a moment,

for they are out but will be here in a moment. In a short time her two boys, Tiberius and Caius, came in from school, flushed with exercise, when Cornelia said, "These are my jewels." The fine lady went away feeling rebuked. These boys, when grown up, became powerful leaders of the people.

The True Fraternity and the Spurious.

Go, scour the social circle's widest bound,
And travel earth's remotest regions round;
Search every nation from its hilltops down,
And every caste from peasantry to crown;
Go to the mart where countless people trade,
From white to swarthy, every tinge and shade;
Go to the church, the mosque and synagogue,
Where men profess the whole long catalogue
Of sterling virtues. Open now the door,
Where oathbound brethren pace the mystic floor,
And you will find whatever path you tread,
The true and false, the living and the dead;
All intermingled, standing side by side,
Wearing the same habiliments of pride
And making like professions. How to test,
True character, is determined best
Through men's actions—not pretensions.
The hypocrite's and honest man's dimensions
Are oft identical; either may be short or tall,
Robust or sickly—tottering to his fall;
May be alike distinguished by suavity
Which like a veil oft covers deep depravity.
Go, follow each through all the walks of life,
Through calm and storm, serenity and strife;
Note every movement, every action scan,
In all his dealings with his fellow man.
If he be ever affable and true,
The meed of praise is certainly his due.

If patriotic and severely just
To friend and foe, sincere in ev'ry trust,
True as the magnetic needle to the pole,
Pure in every impulse of his soul,
A moral rock round which the surges break,
Which foul corruption cannot swerve or shake,
He forms the true ideal of fraternity
That should be cherished through all eternity.

He who would even slightly "kick the beam"
In life's transactions, aiming but to seem
What he should be but is not, pass him by;
He is a scoundrel, though so sleek and sly.
The Thracian robber who with brazen dash
Seized the wealthy noble's hoarded cash
Was less repulsive than the cunning sneak,
Who in friendship's guise and accents meek,
Betrays sweet confidence with poison breath
And in the proffered hand concealeth death.
Whate'er his nation, origin or creed,
He's but a carious staff, a broken reed;
Whether a Mason, Odd Fellow or Elk,
He's but a putrid bilk, a moral welk.
The guild is by his membership accurst;
Among the bad he aims to be the worst.
To serve the Fiend he dons a saint's attire;
Good men despise him while none admire.
Although sharp knaves may use him for a tool,
They've no affection for a craven fool;
He stands at the door inviting lepers in,
Just like himself—his very kith and kin;
And by exclusion bars high-minded men.
Thus is the eagle challenged by the wren,
The lion by the polecat held in check;
Malicious wrong, but impotent to wreck.
The wren and polecat, each has valid use,
They show how futile is malign abuse.
With sterling men, all obstacles but serve

To raise them higher; nought can swerve
A righteous man from being what he should;
The truly great are but the really good.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

1. This is a poem delivered at a Masonic banquet held at the Chilton hotel by the Masons of the lodge to which the writer belongs, and was intended as a rebuke to the spirit of society and lodge clannishness which is too prevalent.

On the Death of My Father.

My father, when I learned that you were dead,
Bitter and burning were the tears I shed.
O'er life's dim path I wandered sadly back,
While memory's brush retouched the fading track;
I saw you once again on Erin's shore
Where ocean's waves came dashing to our door;
I saw your manly form and honest face,
A noble type of Erin's scattered race.
Again I trod my youth's romantic home,
That fairy isle begirt with snowy foam;
So well defined and yet so far away,
My own beloved, fair, beauteous Iniska.¹
Again I saw you leap from cliff to cliff
Or ride the surges in your buoyant skiff.
I was your constant shadow from a child,
Whether in summer calm or winter wild,
On beetling crag or on the briny tide,
Your firstborn son was ever at your side.
How oft at dawn we scoured the lonely shore
And listened to the breakers' awful roar,
And gathered salvage of some hapless wreck—
A broken spar or fragment of a deck.
How oft you held me by my puny arm
While childish terror shook me with alarm,
And leaping chasms, swung "Billie" too and fro

When raging billows lashed the rocks below.
When haggard famine seized our mother land
And thousands fell beneath her wasting hand,
The honest thrift which filled your ample purse
Preserved your sons from Erin's blighting curse,
A double curse of want and foreign sway
Which made and make that hapless land a prey.
While others staid and fell by famine's hand
You fled the furies of your native land ;
With wife and children braved the stormy sea
To this auspicious "empire of the free."
Here have you toiled but not for empty fame,
And here maintained a pure, unsullied name.
The sun of science shone for other men ;
For you no warrior's sword nor poet's pen
Has carved or traced a title to renown ;
And still, the gems that glitter in your crown,
While not so dazzling, shed as pure a light
As ever fell on man's unclouded sight.
The pearls of virtue and untarnished truth
Were yours sincerely from your early youth.
Your head and heart conceived the faultless plan,
To labor, live, and die an honest man.
Adieu, dear father, tho' resting in the tomb,
Your memory shall never cease to bloom.
Though still your voice, it whispers thro' the years,
To do the right in spite of lurking fears.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.

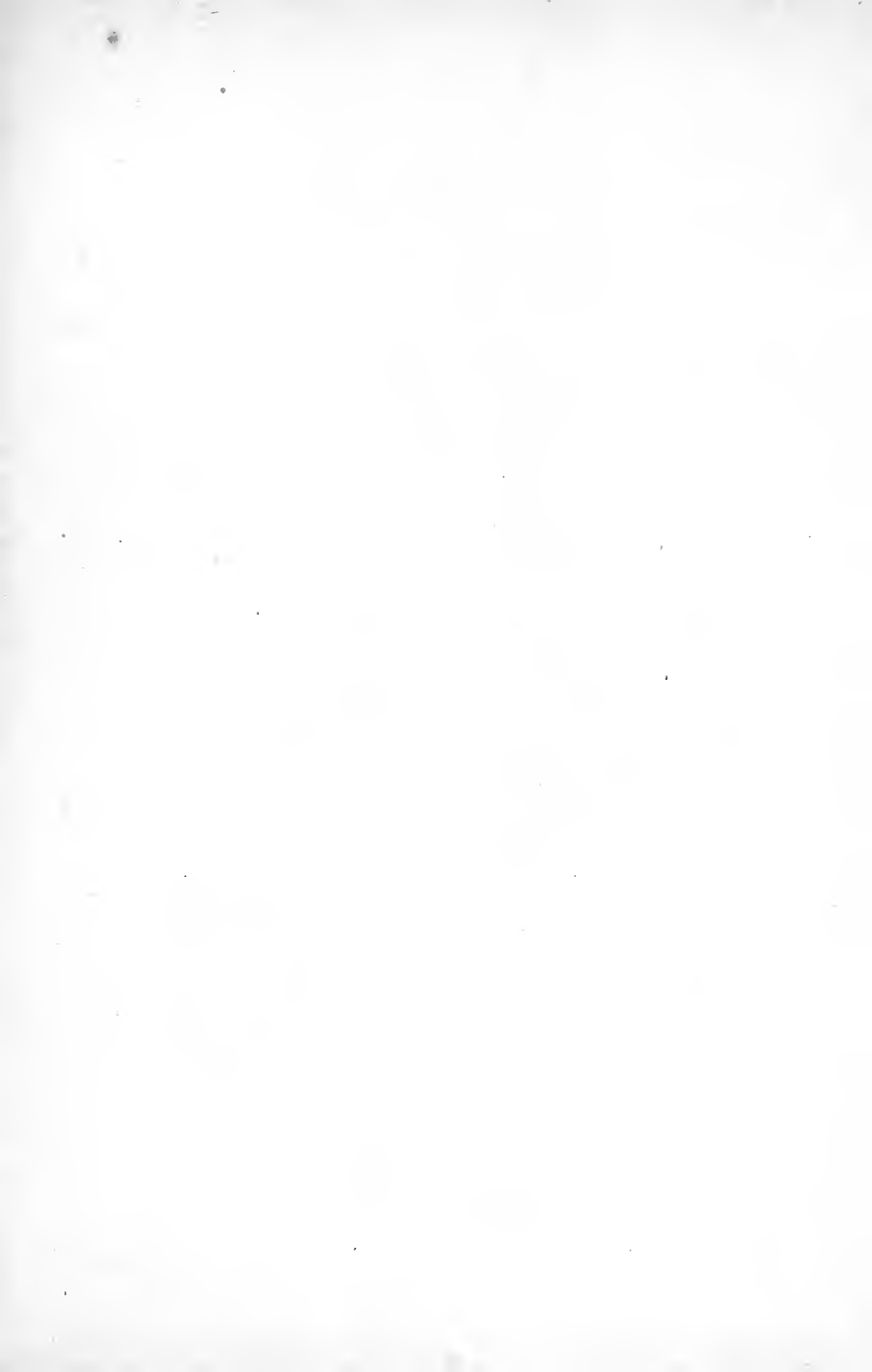
1. This is an island off the west coast of Ireland.

On the Death of My Mother.

Who has not turned his eyes in life's decline
To time when youth and infancy combine,
To print upon the parchment of his soul
Scenes over which time's stormy billows roll

Without erasure? Nothing can efface
Those deep impressions, nor can aught erase
A loving mother's picture from the heart,
Youth's guardian angel—virtue's counterpart.
That kindly face with ever loving smile,
So potent to assuage, and to beguile
Each childish sorrow—every childish pain,
Beams through the years nor penetrates in vain.
What though the loving heart has ceased to fret
The head it pillowed feels its throbbing yet.
Although the gentle hand is palsied long,
Its magic touch thro' memory is strong.
'Mid life's fierce storms, what consolation—bliss
Lies in remembrance of a mother's kiss.
What other voice, soft—cooing like a dove's—
Matches a mother's tone to child she loves?
Mother, what tongue more fitted to inspire
The youthful soul with pure, celestial fire?

In retrospect o'er life's romantic road,
Beginning with our insular abode,
Your skillful mind in counsel with your mate
Chose the long line nor feared to emigrate
And tear asunder all your social ties
From brothers and sisters with their tears and sighs;
Bravely resolved to plow Atlantic's foam,
And plant beneath the setting sun, a home.
Dangers o'ercome and money nearly spent,
We stepped on the shore of the new continent;
With hands and hearts prepared to do and dare,
We all found work and you have done your share;
With six small children on your hands to feed,
To clothe and school, your task was hard indeed.
When but a dollar earned was all the pay
Brought to your coffers at each close of day;
Of this small sum you managed sure but slow
To swell your store, and smiled to see it grow.
Though scarce sufficient, the family soon found





MRS. MARY MINAHAN, WIFE.

AT 16 YEARS

TAKEN JUST BEFORE HER MARRIAGE

THE DAGUERRETYPE FROM WHICH THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN MADE
THE CIRCUIT OF THE WORLD, AS IT WAS TAKEN BY HER BROTHER TO
ENGLAND, THENCE TO AUSTRALIA, THENCE BACK TO AMERICA

Its western way, the stormy lakes around ;
Bought forty acres of Sheboygan woods,
And built a cabin in its solitudes ;
Log-walled, mud-plastered, deftly covered o'er
With hollow "scoops," and split plank floor.
This humble cot, this pioneer abode,
With cheerful fire and candles nightly glowed ;
In it more proud than monarch on his throne,
Because rent free, we knew it was our own.
You were its queen whose genial overflow
Of wit and wisdom saw your children grow
In mind and body, while the woods around
By slow degrees lay scattered o'er the ground.
Log heaps and brush piles rising high and higher
Melted before the fierce consuming fire.
Later, the waving crops of golden grain
Followed each other till a level plain
Marked where the tall, thick forest trees
Bent low before the fickle, swaying breeze.
Time passed and all your children went away
To various homes ; at last the finger of decay
Marked your loved consort and the hand of doom
Pointed his silent pathway to the tomb.
A few short years and you were also laid
Beside him in the dark, sepulchral shade.
This debt of nature every one must pay ;
Each is but a link in the order of decay.
You did your duty well, as all should try,
And lived to a ripe old age—none fitter die.

On the Death of His Wife.

My Mary, three long years have fled
Since Nellie¹ told me you were dead ;
That your spirit had departed
And left your children all sad-hearted,
While I was absent on a mission

To relieve the sad condition
Of one² who had for many years
Bathed your faded cheeks in tears.
You have passed the fatal bourn
O'er which no traveler can return,
And no word by mortal said
Can reach you in your lowly bed.
Still it is meet your mate through life
Should write of his beloved wife,
And pay just tribute to her worth.

What little thought of "earth to earth"
Had you and I when first we met
In Almond³ town? I see you yet
In youth and beauty, and can trace
The form of your angelic face.

On many a Sunday afternoon
In blooming May and sunny June
We wandered through the shady grove
And told each other tales of love,
And sat beside the "sulphur spring,"
Where feathered songsters daily sing.
We did not envy them their joy,
Their happiness without alloy,
For you and I were happy too
When each gave each "the promise true."
The summer passed and autumn came,
And we continued just the same.
At length, in winter's stormy weather,
We linked our destinies together,
And took the path of wedded life,
To tread it through as man and wife.
Our happy union thus begun,
Next winter brought our first-born son.
Like other parents, we were fond,
He bound us with a stronger bond.
Like all first sons, he was caressed

And fancy painted at her best
His future in the glowing West.
Each first-born son is always bent
To be a future president.
While you and I indulged no hope
Of such extraordinary scope,
We aimed to lay a broad foundation
Of sound physique and education.
We knew that so-called "noble birth"
Is far beneath true moral worth—
That a simple, prudent plan
Would make a good and useful man.
Our other children came along
Like stanzas of inspiring song;
They grew a rugged, thrifty set
In the deep woods of Calumet;⁴
Nor did they languish in the shade,
But helped to make the shadows fade,
Not by their vigorous attacks,
For stalwart woodsmen swung the ax,
While their father taught his rules
In the early country schools;
And in this manner paid his neighbors
For chopping and for other labors.

In spring 'twas fun to burn the brush
And gather sap in sugar bush;
The trough and barrels being full,
The evening's duties were not dull,
For at the setting of the sun,
The work of "boiling down" begun;
With fuel dry the work was light
To keep the fires burning bright,
And when it boiled like "amber foam"
We took it off and lugged it home—
Quite late—no, early in the morning;
The cock's shrill clarion gave the warning.
And, waking late, 'cause late to bed

We listened for your careful tread,
And when you called us up to eat,
Your buckwheat cakes were hard to beat,
With maple sirup in profusion,
We found our breakfast no delusion.

Then came the tug, with logging bees,
When logs and limbs of mighty trees
Were heaped in such gigantic piles
Their fires shone for many miles.
A healthy lot our children grew;
Their growth and energy were due
In a great measure to your skill;
As housekeeper, you "filled the bill,"
(Nor was your spouse a mean provider
For the kettle and the spider.)
Your table, always neatly spread,
Was decked with good and wholesome bread,
And johnny cake all steaming hot,
So gladly eaten on the spot,
With sweetest butter ever churned
For which our hungry stomachs yearned.
Ten children blessed our home with pride;
Now, this was no "race suicide."
'Tis sad to leave the earthly shore,
But you have only "gone before."

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

1. Refers to the wife of my oldest son.
2. One of my sons, James, who was bereft of reason and was confined in an asylum.
3. Almond, Alleghany Co., N. Y., where we became acquainted and where we were married.
4. Calumet county, where the author bought and cultivated his first farm.



MRS. MARY MINAHAN, WIFE.

AT 60 YEARS

DIED IN 1902 AT 62



To Lincoln Steffens.

Lincoln Steffens, why expose
The story of Wisconsin's woes?
Do you delight in bringing grief
To every grafter, every thief?
'Tis true, you make the story plain
Of Boodle's long continued reign,
Of how the bosses ruled the state,
Packed conventions, "paid the freight;"
Of how Boss Keyes's magic wand
Waved o'er and ruled our Badger land
And designated who should be
The party's every nominee
From county officers in Dane
To leaders in the state campaign,
Till young La Follette, brave and keen,
Smashed the "Madison machine"
By leaping boldly in the ring
And bowing coldly to the "king."²
Saying, "Your highness, here I stand
By the people's high command;
They are my masters—they alone,
I am of them—no monarch's throne
Is wanted here, the people's voice
Determines who shall be the choice,
For every office in the state.
Your majesty must abdicate;
The people's fiat has gone forth
From east and west, from south and north."
To which the monarch, trembling, said,
"Young man, my power is not dead,
Though in my barony of Dane,
I must concede the fact is plain,
The quiet hustling you have done
Gives you the battle; you have won;
But mark my word, your day is short;
Your place before the circuit court³

Will be your highest—don't forget,
 Your path to congress is beset
 With fatal mine and cunning snare;
 So it behooves you to beware."
 To this La Follette, in his pride,
 With manly dignity replied,
 "Do your worst; no one can fail,
 Nor can the powers of hell prevail,
 When sterling manhood leads the host.
 You'll find me always at my post,
 Obedient to the people's will,
 Whatever place they bid me fill."
 To Washington they sent him thrice,
 A man among both men and mice,
 And while he labored there to do
 His duty faithfully and true,
 The grafter was behind his back
 Like wolf upon the traveler's track,
 Conspiring with our country's foe
 To deal our Bob a treacherous blow.
 But from the valley of defeat,
 Bob leaped again upon his feet.
 Sawyer's wealth from northern pine
 Had kept the heelers long in line;
 And with the same potential wallet,
 He tried to influence La Follette,
 To violate his sacred honor,
 And stem the efforts of O'Connor³
 In his struggle to recover
 Half a million—something over—
 Which Sawyer's henchmen lugged away
 And bondsman Sawyer had to pay.
 The Pine-tree Purse was foiled for once
 A most propitious circumstance.

Now, Lincoln Steffens, is it fair
 To lay *one party's* foibles bare
 And let the other cunning sinner
 Eat undisturbed his stolen dinner?

Why dwell on Spooner's purchased seat
And suffer Vilas to retreat?
When the "Pecksniffs"⁵ swept the state,
You know the logical candidate
For senate honors was General Bragg⁶
Who stood so nobly by the flag;
Still when the legislature met
They overlooked the "gallant vet."⁷
The railroad lobby, it was found
Was late and early on the ground;
With cash and pass they won the day,
And Vilas had a "walk away."⁸
Two years later 'twas the same;
The lobbies played their ancient game;
A rich man's son⁹ must have the *rank*
Even if it broke his bank.
And Bragg, a second time defeated,
Returned humiliated—cheated.
He had "his trouble for his pains"
They had the cash, he—only brains.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

1. This is a writer for Maclure's Magazine who, pursuing his duty of exposing corruption of officials under the title of "The Shame of Cities," came to Wisconsin in the summer of 1904 and interviewed both the friends of the reformer—Governor Robt. M. La Follette and his stalwart opponents; and armed with the story of each side, wrote a scathing article giving the plain facts. This was broadly circulated and this poem in its first half reviews the facts and makes additions of other facts known to the author.

2. This refers to Mr. Keyes, for many years an able political manipulator. Governor La Follette became a candidate for district attorney of Dane county, without consulting Mr. Keyes and this is called smashing the "Madison Machine." This was the beginning of La Follette's political career so closely associated with the establishment of necessary popular reforms.

3. District attorney for Dane county.

4. James L. O'Connor, who was elected attorney general in 1890 and 1892 and who succeeded in collecting from the ex-state treasurers the interest on deposits from state funds collected by them and appropriated to their own use. Ex-Senator Philetus Sawyer was surety for them and tried to engage the services of Mr. La Follette, then practicing law at Madison, to defend them, not only, it was thought, on account of La Follette's keenness as a lawyer, but on account of his being a brother-in-law of Judge Siebecker, before whom the cases were tried.

5. This was a term applied to the democrats who succeeded in electing Geo. W. Peck governor in '90 and '92.

6. General Edward S. Bragg.

7. A term applied to General Bragg.

8. This means among politicians an election without effort.

9. John L. Mitchell, son of Alexander Mitchell, long a financial and commercial leader of Milwaukee, founder of the Marine and Fire Insurance Bank.

Memorial Poem.

When Carolina's rash, impetuous sons
Turned upon Sumter their rebellious guns,
The cannonade was heard from shore to shore;
Back from the North the echoing thunders bore
The fierce response of vengeance loud and deep,
"You've sown the wind, the whirlwind you shall reap."
Then the great Lincoln made his initial call,
Proud hosts of freemen, like a living wall,²
Moved on the South with front of steel and flame.
He asked for thousands, and a million came.
The South, defiant, rushed into the field
And scorned to think her sons would ever yield.
Taught to believe their own superior worth
And underrate the valor of the North
They flung their lives and fortunes in the scale
And bared their bosoms to the Northern hail,
Sought to confirm a code of cruel laws,

By valor worthy of a noble cause.
This valor triumphed at the first Bull Run
And hurled the invaders back on Washington.
Bull Run inspired the South with confidence;
Her pride and power grew in consequence.
Led by her Jackson, Pemberton and Lee,
And others valiant as the mighty three,
She aimed to dissolve the Union, good and great,
And on its ruins build a rival state,
Whose deep foundation should forever be
The quagmire of human slavery.
Friends of the Union understood the plan,
And, true to freedom and the rights of man,
Rose in their might, obeyed their country's call,
Faced right about, resolved to win or fall,
And save the Union—ark of liberty,
And hold aloft the banner of the free.
Fierce was the struggle—oft the battle's tide,
Rolled to the north to 'whelm the Union side;
But stalwart arms of yeomen, firm and bold,
Back o'er the South the angry surges rolled.
For four long years the bugle blast of war
Disturbed the air with its discordant jar.
With fire and sword the South was overrun,
And still she gained each fight the Yankees won,
For scorched and bleeding, prostrate though she lay,
The war had washed her blighting curse³ away.
Widows and orphans mourned their dear ones dead,
For many a household lost its cherished head.
She learned a lesson at a fearful cost;
Her land lay withered by a Northern frost;
Yet peace returned, rebellion found a grave,
War had restored his freedom to the slave.
These blessings more than balance every loss,
As purest gold o'ervalues worthless dross.

Peace returned, the Union braves returned,
In every eye the light of victory burned.

In every heart a purpose firm and strong
 Was deeply lodged, to battle every wrong.
 A life in camp, upon the tented field
 Engraved true friendship on each warrior's shield.
 He loved his comrades—partners in the war—
 And to perpetuate that love ordained the G. A. R.
 And Stockbridge Post of the Grand Army braves
 Has met today to decorate the graves
 Of the brave men who scrupled not to give
 Their own lives, that liberty might live.
 Scatter your flowers o'er the honored dead
 And let your tributary tears be shed,
 Nor let your children's children e'er forget
 They owe these heroes an immortal debt—
 One which the wealth of Croesus would not pay—
 One that will stand unpaid till Judgment Day.
 When winter hies him to the frozen north
 And flowers of spring expand their petals forth,
 'Tis meet this glorious season of the year
 Should find a remnant of the army here
 To add new fuel to the sacred flame,
 And weave fresh chaplets for the brow of fame.
 Let each returning thirtieth day of May
 Wreath every soldier's grave with garlands gay
 And aye impress the mind and heart of youth
 With his own love of liberty and truth.
 Thus shall the great republic thrive and grow
 Proud freedom's guardian, thralldom's rigid foe.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

1. Read at Stockbridge May 30, 1884.
2. This simile is repeated in a later memorial poem read at Rhinelander May 30, 1892.
3. Slavery.

The Revolutionary Sisterhood.

A historical charade representing the Thirteen Original American Colonies. Thirteen girls dressed in white, with American Flag, advancing to front of stage recite in chorus.

ALL.

We are the Thirteen Sisters, firm and true,
That led the Union on the Field of Blue;
We made the Flag, designed each stripe and star,
While boldly fighting in a righteous war.
We flung that starry banner to the breeze,
Waved it in triumph over land and seas;
Oppressed mankind beheld its folds unfurled
A bow of promise to a shackled world.
We wrenched from doughty Britain's iron hand
The right to rule our own beloved land.

Massachusetts.

And Massachusetts, state of Plymouth Rock,
Received the brunt of the initial shock;
My gallant yeomen, roused by Paul Revere,
Leaped on the foe like puma on the deer.
The fields of Lexington and Bunker Hill
And Boston's Teapot are existent still.
Whene'er Columbia sounds her bugle call,
She'll find my sons responsive, one and all;
Whether in council or the tented field
She'll find them safe to guide and strong to shield.

Connecticut.

I scorn the nickname of the Nutmeg State;
My sons and daughters shine among the great;
I boast no name at which the cheek turns pale;
My crowning glory is—immortal Yale—
The alma mater of broad-minded men.

Well skilled to yield the falchion or the pen.
'Twas I that parried Andros's cunning stroke,
And hid my treasure in the Charter Oak.
True love of country none can deeper feel;
In that, my children never falter in their zeal.

Rhode Island.

They call me Little Rhody, and I glory in the name;
Was it size that crowned Napoleon with everlasting fame?
In my extensive factories, the evidence is plain,
That children of Rhode Island have enterprise and brain.
All have learned the lesson which Roger Williams gave,
That liberty of conscience becomes the true and brave.
Though slow to join the Union, Rhody came to stay,
She'll do her best to keep the rest from going far astray.

New Jersey.

New Jersey finds no cause to hang her head,
The blood of warriors dyed her waters red;
Her tortured bosom was the constant scene
Of titan struggles; with their weapons keen,
Britannia's warriors sought Britannia's foes,
And from the forest oft their din of battle rose.
Our bloody battles all were bravely won
By patriot hosts led on by Washington.
Trenton, Princeton, Monmouth bear renown,
And e'en the Fabian move to Morristown;
In gallant deeds my sisters did their part
And earned a place in great Columbia's heart;
In valor they are rich, but I am richer,
While I can boast the matchless Mollie Pitcher;³
Her husband fell, a hero, at his gun,
She took his place and deathless honor won.

New York.

They call me the Empire State, and I
Would gladly own a name that cannot die.

My claim to "Empire" does not solely rest
 On wealth and numbers, you will find it best
 In my achievements both in war and peace,
 Much more substantial than the Golden Fleece.
 When Howe possessed my "city by the sea"⁴
 And said Columbia never should be free,
 When proud Burgoyne, advancing by Champlain,
 Sought to divide our bleeding land in twain,
 My ardent yeomen, well equipped for fight,
 Round Saratoga gathered in their might,
 Captured Burgoyne, yes, broke the Briton's lance.
 'Tis thus we gained the aid of gallant France.
 Behold my great cities and enameled plains,
 Product of muscle and of active brains;
 Canals and railroads span my wide domain,
 And schools prepare my youth for Virtue's reign.
 These form my claim to that exalted name;
 On these are based my title deed to fame.

Delaware.

My noble sisters all, have done their share
 And won't deny her meed to Delaware.
 "Three lower counties"⁵ of the Quaker state
 That struck for freedom at an early date;
 Of Swedish blood, we could not passive feel,
 Beneath a haughty tyrant's grinding heel.
 We saw invading war ships from our shore
 And heard Cornwallis's cruel cannon roar;
 Our patriot bands were marshaled into line
 In the disastrous night at Brandywine,
 Where Stirling, Sullivan, Wayne and Lafayette,
 And Count Pulaski the invaders met;
 And, far outnumbered, struck the haughty foe
 Many a well-deserved, terrific blow.
 When, at last he left our hostile shore
 And war's dread echoes shook our hills no more
 I was the first to adopt the charter grand—
 The constitution of our own free land.

Pennsylvania.

Behold the "Keystone" of the Union arch,
Beneath which freemen proudly march.
Let other sisters talk of war's alarms,
Of plundered cities, desolated farms,
Of slaughtered hosts, of lurid, frowning skies,
In which contending banners ever rise ;
I much prefer to talk of quiet life,
Aloof from bloody scenes and martial strife.
The "Quaker State" is moved by no caprice,
Her very founder was a man of peace.
The lesson taught by great, true-hearted Penn,
Was "Peace on earth and true good will to men."
This lesson, all the Quaker people teach,
And never fail to practice what they preach ;
But other sects, professing to be meek,
Quite often fail to "Turn the other cheek."
They fill our valleys, swarm our mountain sides ;
In wealth and power make gigantic strides.
They raised the bloody hand at Germantown,
And earned at Valley Forge, so-called renown.
Great source of wealth, long hid beneath the soil
Is now developed by unceasing toil.
The North would freeze as solid as the pole,
But for our broad, exhaustless beds of coal.
Iron have we in veins of richest ore ;
And oil to light the world, have we, in store.
A glorious future looms upon my sight,
When man shall learn to work and cease to fight.

Maryland.

Scarce had the followers of Lord Baltimore
Established homes upon the western shore,
When Civil War raised high the battle brand
To blight the early homes of Maryland.
Champions of the Bible and the Cross
Alternated in their gain and loss

Till Cross and Bible were alike ignored
As each fierce partisan the other scored.
There came a time when they made common cause
Against the mother land's oppressive laws.
But each still needs assistance from above,
To kindle kindly fires of Christian love.
There's not a school in all this mighty land
Better equipped to quench the bigot brand
Than great Johns Hopkins—quite abreast
Of leading schools, if really not the best.
A broad college forms a mighty leaven
To lift mankind in life—and toward heaven.

Virginia.

When young Columbia needed a defender,
Her noblest son did old Virginia send her;
A man of deeds, devoted to the right,
The soul of honor, panoplied in might.
He led the armies of the Wilderness,
'Gainst frightful odds to merited success.
And when the smoke of battle cleared away,
Leaving our land to bask in freedom's day,
'Twas then his noble nature brightest shone,
When he refused a proffered royal throne,
And helped to frame the greatest, wisest plan
Conserving freedom and the rights of man.
No wonder he was chosen to preside,
And head the list to which we point with pride.
With lionest pride my cheek shall ever glow
At the great names of Jefferson and Monroe,
But I shall never know another son,
Whose fame shall dim the name of Washington.

North Carolina.

The student knows the deeds of gallant Greene,
And Carolina as the glorious scene
Of his achievements; rivers and the rain
Checked Cornwallis in his fierce campaign,

And when he found that Greene had crossed the Dan
His wild retreat to Wilmington began.
The patriots goaded him on flank and rear,
And made his trifling "victories" ⁶ cost him dear.
He found the men of Mecklenburg would fight
For independence in his headlong flight.
Crippled and bowed he reached the friendly sea,
And left the Old North State forever free.

South Carolina.

There was a time when the Palmetto state
Held up her head among the truly great,
When cruel Tarleton with his brutal band
Swept like a cyclone o'er our plundered land,
And heartless Rawdon held tyrannic sway,
Regarding patriots as his legal prey.
When tidings came like earthquake's shock
From Cowpens and King's Mountain, Standing Rock,
Where Carolina's freedom-loving sons
Turned on the foe his own destructive guns.⁷
My very swamps were full of noble men⁸
That issued forth like tigers from their den,
Struck down the foe and captured his supplies
And meted vengeance to his base allies.
My son Calhoun, forget him if you will,
But Sumter, Marion, Hayne, remember still.

Georgia.

I was called "the refuge of the oppressed;"
With me the debtor found a home and rest.
Old England's prisons opened wide each door
To people Georgia with her pining poor.
Good Oglethorpe the pious project planned,
And George the Second gave the Indians' land.
By faithful work the colony grew strong,
As thousands, smarting under burning wrong,
Flocked to this true asylum of the free

To breathe the bracing air of liberty.
Five generations now have passed away
And their descendants, I am proud to say,
Worship at Freedom's ever sacred shrine,
As did their fathers in the auld lang syne.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

1. This was composed for a closing exhibition of school taught by the author in 1895 in the city of Pittsville, Wis. The thirteen original states were personated by thirteen girl students dressed in white and each wearing a liberty cap with initial of her state, and one holding the American flag. When the curtain rises all stand at front of stage and repeat in concert the first stanza; then all except Massachusetts retire a couple of steps. When Massachusetts delivers her part she retires to her place and each of the others in turn advance and deliver their parts, retiring in like manner.

2. The smallest girl student was given the part of Rhode Island.

3. This was at the battle of Monmouth, where an American battery was operated by a gunner named Pitcher while his wife, Molly, inspired with true devotion to the patriot cause and scorning the danger of the field, was engaged in bringing water from a spring to supply the thirsty gunners, it being a sultry day. On coming with a fresh pail she found her husband dead by a shot from the enemy. With heroic courage she took her husband's place and helped to load and fire the gun with telling vigor. Washington rewarded her heroism with a captain's commission.

4. The city of New York.

5. Delaware was known by this name for a long time after her secession from Pennsylvania.

6. The people of Mecklenburg had early passed resolutions favoring independence. These were made fun of by the British, who said that these backwoodsmen could talk but would not dare to fight. The Mecklenburg patriots took pride in disproving the assertion.

7. Here the poorly armed patriots rushed to the fight and armed themselves with captured arms of their antagonists.

8. This refers to General Marion, known as "the swamp fox."

Obituary Lines.

Written on the death of little girl friends.

LILLIAN M. FADNER.

Sweet Lillian, thou art free
From earth's besetting snares;
Thy voice of childish glee
Is hushed. Life's cares
That wrinkle many a brow
Will never furrow thine;
Thy dearest friends in sorrow bow
And silently repine.
In life's bright morning thou hast flown
To the misty realms of the Unknown.

HANNAH J. HUME.

The brightest hopes oft perish,
The fairest flowers decay,
The choicest earthly treasures
Are rudely torn away;

And mourning bosoms sorrow
And grieve for dear ones lost,
While o'er life's stormy ocean
Our barks are tempest-tossed.

Today the gentle breezes
May waft us o'er the wave;
Tomorrow, angry surges
May riot o'er our grave.

Sweet, loving, gentle Hannah,
We cannot say farewell,
Thy form within our bosoms
Shall never cease to dwell.

CECIE MONTGOMERY,

Died in Dakota.

Away o'er the ocean prairie
Far from her woodland home
Where the tide of humanity surges,
Where the wolf and the buffalo roam;
A tender exotic she withered
Though tended with tenderest care,
Her spirit abandoned its dwelling,
A spirit of purity rare.
And the envelope fair, yet unfeeling,
Is all that returned from the West.
Hot tears wet the cheeks of her comrades
As they mournfully laid her to rest.

SADIE BLANCH MONTGOMERY.

Thy spirit pure has fled,
Thy earthly stay was brief;
Thy feet shall never tread
Earth's thorny path of grief.

Bequeathing to thy friends,
A legacy of pain,
Thy spotless soul ascends
Without a single stain.

Earth's joys to thee are lost
Its sorrows quite unknown,
But pleasures often cost
Our bosoms many a groan.

Farewell, sweet angel child;
With each returning spring,
When the air is soft and mild
And birds their carols sing;

We'll deck thy lonely grave
With April's choicest flowers
And mingle kindred tears
With April's gentle showers.

Lines.

Written on the death of Mrs. Eliza Arpke, first wife of Rev. W. A. Arpke of Chilton. She died in childbirth, was beloved and mourned by a large circle of relatives and friends, as related in the lines here given.

Gone from a loving husband,
Lost to his fond embrace;
Gone to a realm of glory,
The Heaven of Christian grace.

Gone from affectionate sisters,
From mother and brother so true;
Their eyes will not soon be tearless,
They cannot cease grieving for you.

Gone from considerate neighbors
That held you in high respect;
Their friendship was not restricted
To party or narrow sect.

Gone from the congregation
So pleased by your husband's choice;
The choir will miss your greeting
And clear, melodious voice.

Gone with your lifeless baby
In the casket by your side;
Your earthly hope is withered,
And perished, a mother's pride.

But through the golden portal
Which leads to the better land—
That land of unfading sunshine,
You'll wander, hand-in-hand.

The flowers will bloom above you
And wither in autumn's gloom,
But your memory cannot perish
Till Friendship finds a tomb.

They Cannot Crush the Leader.

They cannot crush the Leader
Whose soul is in the fight;
Columbia's starry banner
Is emblem of his might.
The stars emblazon liberty
The stripes are for its foes;
Around the stellar Ensign
The light of victory glows.

They cannot crush the Leader
Nor turn him from his course
Though corporate corruption
Assail with all its force;
For the people stand beside him
As once by Washington,
And never will forsake him
Until the Cause is won.

They cannot crush the Leader
For God's protecting care
Is with him and around him
To baffle every snare.
Let Belmont blow his bugle
And eat ten dollar meals
And fatten like an English lord
On corporation steals.

He cannot crush the Leader
Nor cloud his radiant name;
The wise, the noble and the true
Have title clear to fame.
They cannot crush the Leader
Nor pull his standard down;
'Tis a bimetallic standard
With no imperial crown.

The people want the Leader
And are bound to have their way;
So, clan of Wall Street, stand aside
And own the people's sway.
As years roll by his faultless plan
Must be more fully known
For every Bigelow that falls
Like a meteoric stone
Will open eyes that never saw
The systematic jobbery
By which the people have been fleeced
Through the present scheme of robbery.
And when they once detect it
No sophist can obscure it;
The greatest wonder then will be
How we could so long endure it.
"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,"
Wrong crushed lies prone forever.
This grand irrevocable law
Is the world's progressive lever.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

I. This was written in 1899, when the corporation democrats were stealthily exerting themselves to stifle Bryan and Bryanism, to which the writer first became attached in 1896.

Polly Hughes.

Whip, jingle, Polly Hughes,
Tell lies and spread the news;
Never idle with her jaw;
Never happy out of law.
Micky with the humpback team,
One black, the other cream,
Across the bridge, over the hill,
With a curse and sneer at Mary Gill.

They went to the city and back each day,
To peddle the news, the neighbors say;
But neighbors quite often exhibit disgust
At innocent acts, and are often unjust.

One act of "Big Polly," however, is known,
To be far outside of true honesty's zone.
She raised large flocks of ducks and geese,
And made a profit on their increase.
She wintered over but a few,
(Which was the proper thing to do).
Among the lot to winter through
Was a beautiful drake with top-knot blue;
He wandered out one winter night
When the moon was shining bright,
And the weather being nice
He ventured on the treacherous ice;
A thin shell—and—no wonder,
The rapid current took him under,
In spring his drowned remains were found
Looking beautiful, fresh and sound.
So Polly dressed her handsome drake
And traded him off to "Hebrew Jake."²
The drake's appearance was deceptive
For such cold storage was defective.
So the cook was known to say
It had a strong odor of decay.
The buyer brought it back to Jake
Saying he wanted no rotten drake.
So Jake at once returned the cash
And notified Polly to take her trash.
She went and got it mighty quick,
And brought it home, herself and Mick.
This put them both in such a fury
They sold and started for Missouri.³

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

1. This is a lampoon, reciting facts. Its purpose was not so much to annoy the Hughes family, which had made themselves obnoxious to the whole neighborhood, as to please the neighbors—an object of very questionable merit. The lampoon was read at family gatherings but was not intended by the writer to be shown to the Hugheses. One of the writer's sons, however, bent on mischief, made a copy of it and tacked it to the Hughes gate, where it was first read by the Gill family, living across the road. The Gills were very bitter in their hatred of the Hughes family, who were brother-in-law and sister-in-law of the Gills. This feeling was said to be the chief cause of making the Gills sell out and move west.

2. Jacob Wirth, a Jew who kept a general store in Chilton.
3. Last couplet written after their emigration.

Memorial Poem.

Of ancient Rome the wondrous tale is told,
Among her musty legends dim and old,
That a vast fissure, fathomless and wide,
With dismal omen threatened to divide
The solid earth; the fell, mysterious rent
Grew wider, deeper, till its great extent
Filled every Roman with a dread alarm.
The sage's wisdom and the patriot's arm
Alike, deficient seemed its growth to check;
Devouring ruin, desolating wreck
Hung o'er the forum like a sable pall.
Could nought avert the Imperial City's fall?
Yes, one thing alone, the Oracle proclaimed,
But strangely left that single thing unnamed.
The opening gulf 'twas said would wider grow
Till some one in its cavernous maw would throw
The choicest treasure in the whole domain,
Which thousands sought, but seemed to seek in vain.

Full many a costly brooch and jeweled ring,
And gems that shone in crown of many a king;
Great heaps of wealth and relics of renown
In the abysmal chasm were tumbled down;
Vast stores of precious metals—all was hurled
Into the fissure to redeem the world.
Still the wide gulf continued to expand
Till every eye beheld a sinking land.

'Twas then proud Curtius on a fiery steed,
Came on the scene to do a valiant deed.
He waved his arm and shouted to the throng,
"Romans, I have reflected deep and long,
With this conclusion, please attest its truth,
Rome's choicest treasure is her stalwart youth."
So saying, plunged he in the dread abyss,
Nor was the living sacrifice amiss;
The cavern closed with a terrific sound
That shook the totterings hills for leagues around.¹

In sixty-one, a wider, deeper rent
Threatened Columbia with dismemberment.
The opening gulf was easy to define;
From end to end of Mason-Dixon's line
Great Lincoln's triumph was the signal gun
Which told the South that liberty had won.
At once, her Toombses, Davises and Lees,
Flung proud Rebellion's standard to the breeze.
The line of demarcation wider grew,
As civil war her clarion trumpet blew.
To save slavery from impending doom
Secession dug its everlasting tomb.
Fort Sumter² opened wide the gaping flaw;
'Twas then the "gulf" illustrious Webster³ saw.
Great Britain watched the conflict from afar
And thought she saw the "golden gates ajar."
As the dark chasm was wider, deeper made,

She saw an opening for "untrammelled trade."
 Her heart and hand were each on Dixie's side,
 The proof? Her rebel pirates from the Clyde.⁴
 The South, inflamed by Yancy's fiery tongue,
 Into Secession's cause, her manhood flung.
 Schooled to contempt for Northern valor long,
 With proud defiance and exultant song,
 She poured a torrent to the fatal line,
 To dig it deeper than Atlantic's brine.
 She never dreamed disaster was in store,
 Ambition-blinded, she could see no more.
 Her gross ideal was a mongrel state
 Intrenched in wrong to benefit the great;
 With a foundation permanently built
 On a substratum of revolting guilt,
 Where pride and wealth should hold unquestioned sway
 And labor pine in chains the live-long day.
 She seized the stores and arms of Uncle Sam
 And waved o'er captured forts her oriflamme.
 The Stars and Stripes were trailed along the street
 And rudely trampled by rebellious feet.
 The opening gulf of dark disunion fell
 Upon the vision like the mouth of hell
 When Lincoln sent his proclamation forth,
 A summons to the yeomen of the North:
 Their eager answer thundered on the gale,
"Columbia's manhood is her coat of mail."
 The voice of Douglas⁶ like a slogan came
 His dying words were swords of living flame.
 Brave millions sprang responsive to the call
 And facing southward formed a moving wall.
 The earth resounded with their martial tread,
 A splendid host by matchless heroes led.
 On many a dark and sanguinary field
 The valiant Southern was compelled to yield;
 For four long years he waged the bloody fight
 Against his country, liberty, and right;

And saw at last the North's triumphant sway,
His power, his pride and slavery swept away.
Disunion's gulf collapsed—yes, disappeared
And o'er its ruins many a shaft is reared.
The glorious army of the "Boys in Blue,"
The loyal host whose hearts are ever true
Returned in triumph with the flag unfurled
Amid the plaudits of a cheering world;
But many a fallen hero lies behind,
Within his dark and narrow bed confined.
A grateful nation mourns for them today.
On each succeeding thirtieth day of May
The people decorate each soldier's grave
With floral tributes to the sleeping brave.
In this sad moment, well we know
The losses of our fallen foe,
Add not a pang unto his grief
But rather offer him relief,
And like true patriots let us cast
A mantle o'er the frowning past;
Turning our faces to the front,
Sharing alike the battle's brunt;
And like true brothers live forever
For our Union none can sever.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

1. The details of this story are found in the legendary history of Rome.
2. The firing upon Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor by the Confederates aroused North and South alike.
3. This refers to disunion in the great speech of Daniel Webster in his debate with Robert Y. Hayne in 1832, the latter making a covert threat of the secession of South Carolina in case the Massachusetts plan of protective tariff which Webster advocated prevailed. In his powerful speech Webster portrayed the fearful gulf of disunion as one "from which buried nations sent back their fearful warning."

4. These formed the basis for the Alabama Claims.
5. William L. Yancy was an eloquent and forcible advocate of secession as the true remedy for Northern anti-slavery and protection tariff.
6. Stephen A. Douglas, who was the Northern candidate of the democratic party against Lincoln, but who, when the South seceded, enthusiastically supported Lincoln's policy of coercion.

Martin, Pat and Dan

In the city of Chicago lived Martin, Pat and Dan,
Each was a faithful citizen, and lived an honest man;
When England sent her crafty tools:—they formed a wicked plan,
And wove a web of circumstance 'round Martin, Pat and Dan.

The London *Times* assumed the task of pulling Parnell down;
The downfall of the patriot would elevate the Crown;
But the Irish of Chicago played havoc with the plan,
And that's what brought misfortune to Martin, Pat and Dan.

The agents of the *Thunderer*,² weighed down with British gold,
Planned Doctor Cronin's murder with cruelty untold:³
To charge the crime to Irishmen, was their inhuman plan,
So they wove a web of circumstance 'round Martin, Pat and Dan.

To aid them in their villainy, the sheckels were at hand,
Great lawyers and reporters were in excellent demand;
With tongue and pen they smote the air, and cursed fair Erin's Clan
And wove their web of circumstance 'round Martin, Pat and Dan.

They raked the city's lowest haunts of villainy and sin,
And with a mass of perjury they surely hoped to win;
To crush the Clan-na-Gael was the kernel of their plan,
To compass this, they massed themselves on Martin, Pat and Dan.

The jury's prompt acquittal of senior guardian Beggs,⁴
Drained Britain's cup of bitterness completely to the dregs,
For she had charged a foul conspiracy and published wide the ban,
'Gainst all the leading countrymen of Martin, Pat and Dan.

The flimsy mass of evidence was sifted o'er and o'er,
The case against the prisoners was riddled to the core;
Had the jury been a fair one and each an honest man,
They had voted prompt acquittal of Martin, Pat and Dan.

There was one upon the jury that money could not buy,
The name of Honest Culver⁵ deserves a place on high;
He knew his solemn duty, and spurned the bloody plan,
To strangle common decency,—and Martin, Pat and Dan.

The case will go to Ottawa,⁶ where Justice sits supreme,
Where England's cunning minions, will never dare be seen.
When the judges read the evidence and all its features scan,
They will sit upon the *verdict* 'gainst Martin, Pat and Dan.⁷

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

1. Martin Burke, Pat. O'Sullivan, the iceman, and Dan Coughlin, the tall policeman.

2. A name long applied to the London Times, an able exponent of English civilization.

3. This was a theory believed by many of the Irish, but would be as difficult to prove as was the theory of the prosecution in its case against Burke, O'Sullivan and Coughlin. Burke and O'Sullivan died in the state prison to which they and Coughlin were sentenced at the conclusion of the trial. A man named Kunze—a German—was also found guilty with the three Irishmen for the same offense, but after the verdict a way was found to let him out of the toils. Coughlin on appeal to the supreme court was granted a new trial and was acquitted.

4. The case against Beggs was prosecuted with great vigor because he was the presiding officer of the Camp of the Clan-na-Gael to which all except Kunze belonged and in which it was charged the conspiracy to murder Dr. Cronin was contrived.

5 Culver was the only one of the twelve jurors that voted for acquittal, but he was coerced by the others into voting a sentence of life imprisonment—the nearest approach to acquittal possible of attainment with that jury.

6. The supreme court of Illinois held its sessions in Ottawa. This poem first printed at Oshkosh, Wis., found its way to Chicago, where a man named Foy made written copies of it. His wife, with whom he had differences which were aired in the divorce court, testified that he was the author of it.

7. This was practically the result.

Acrostic.

The following is but one of the very many acrostics composed for girl friends, and is the only one a copy of which has been preserved. The subject of this one is a sweet little girl belonging to the family of a Mr. Maass, an electrician of San Francisco, with whose family the writer became acquainted when on a visit to his Australian nephews, the Shanasy's, in the spring of 1904. These nephews and the wife of one of them were very intimate socially with the Maass family. This intimacy even the broad Pacific which now divides them cannot obliterate. The chief aim in all the writer's acrostics has been a combination of just compliment with epigrammatic direction, principle or advice.

E ver walk the path of duty
T rue as the needle to the pole;
H earken to the voice of Wisdom.
E ngrave upon thy virgin soul
L ove of all that's good and pure.

L isten to your father's counsel,
O n your mother's love rely;
U se intelligent discretion
I n forming every social tie.
S olve with justice and precision
A s each problem shall appear,

Make no compromise with evil,
And you'll prosper, never fear.
Ask your conscience that its beacon
Shine a headlight on your way.
Such the earnest admonition
Of your friend, now far away.

Preface to Carriers' Addresses.

The following are, in part, annual addresses written for the Chilton Times, a weekly democratic paper established in Chilton, Calumet county, Wisconsin, by John P. Hume in the early fifties. Mr. Hume strenuously opposed the political aspirations of the writer, but soon after the election of the latter to the office of county superintendent of schools in 1871 they became personal friends, although belonging to opposing parties, and remained fast friends to the time of Mr. Hume's death in 1881. Mr. Hume had seen some poetical productions of the writer and induced him to write a carrier's address for January 1, 1873 or 1874 (no copies of addresses have been preserved up to 1878). The first appeared so satisfactory to Mr. Hume that an address was annually published for over twenty years with the exception of a couple of years when the writer was himself engaged in newspaper work.

After the appearance of the first address, General Harrison C. Hobart complimented the writer, after learning its authorship, with the declaration: "Mr. Minahan, I began to read that address with the expectation of finding only a silly rhyme, but I was astonished to find the first stanza real poetry, even equal to some of the classics, and I read the whole of it with interest and delight. It deals with current historical facts which give the stamp of originality, and I am surprised to find a man of your genius devoting himself to the drudgery of routine education and farm work." To this the author replied, "General Hobart, you are too liberal in your praise, and even if I were the genius which your kind opinion seems to indicate, I find my school work and that of reclaiming from the wilderness a fine quarter section of land and

cultivating it and the minds of my growing family of little fellows to which I am devoted, as conducive to my happiness as any other line of work could possibly be; I am content and you must own that contentment is akin to happiness—the true aim of all. The eagle is supremely content while buffeting the fierce storm-cloud with his strong pinion—and possibly even more so than is the pampered canary bird in his gilded cage, although furnished with plenty of choice food and perching at his ease. Shall I abandon this work which I am enthusiastically pursuing for questionable success in the new and untried fields of literature? You have paid a compliment to my imagery but I trust you will not find me sufficiently visionary to leave my present field to adopt a calling for which you seem to think me fitted but in which I might prove a failure. Success in my present humble station brings me abundant happiness and with that I am and ought to be satisfied. While I thank you for your kind appreciation of my humble efforts, I maintain that to be a successful backwoods farmer or school teacher, and having raised a family, is nearer the goal of a laudable ambition than is that of a literary failure or even a Napoleon wasting his days on a barren rock of ocean.” General Hobart often referred to this philosophical view of life in complimentary terms.

The addresses, as will be seen by the reader, discuss topics of historical and political importance in the vicinity of Chilton as well as those occurring the world over. They were of interest to intelligent people at the time they first appeared and they are no less interesting now; they refresh the memory with striking incidents in the history of our own as well as that of other countries and reach back a quarter of a century.

Republicans, knowing the political affiliations of the writer, often asked how he could write on political matters from the standpoint of a democrat. The writer generally replied that John Milton, a devout Christian, had written in his “Paradise Lost,” several speeches for satan. In 1896, as well as in 1900, the writer most earnestly supported Wm. J. Bryan and his platforms, and would have supported him in 1904 had he been nominated. But on the election of La Follette as governor in 1900, he watched his

official conduct closely to see whether it corresponded with his platform (which the writer fully endorsed). He was so well satisfied that he became an ardent admirer of the governor and entered enthusiastically into the latter's struggle for the supremacy of his principles and his success in the bitter campaigns of 1902 and 1904. On the nomination of Parker at St. Louis in 1904 the writer, like many other supporters of Bryan, refused to support either the state or national democratic ticket that year, and rejoiced in the success of Roosevelt and La Follette. The political writings of the writer during the campaign of 1904 showed him devoted to Governor La Follette because devoted to the code of reform which he represented and which was called La Folletteism by the governor's opponents. This term is now fully adopted by the governor's friends and is likely to gain national adoption as shown by President Roosevelt in his annual message to congress in December, 1904. Attachment to these wholesome principles made the writer rejoice over the triumph of the republican governors, La Follette and Deneen, as well as of the democratic governors, Johnson, Douglass, Folk, Adams and Toule. This is fully set forth in the poem, "Pulled Through."

Carrier's Address, Jan. 1, 1878.

Old Seventy-Seven, farewell,
Last night, the midnight bell
Tolled out thy solemn knell,
To startled ears,

And with its iron tongue,
A gladsome welcome rung
To the New Year, fresh and young.
Roll on, ye spheres,

While the new-born Seventy-Eight
Holds ajar the magic gate
Leading to the land of fate,
The deep unknown.

Thou section of eternal time,
We welcome thee with many a chime
And rhapsody of boyish rhyme.

Thy sister, flown,

We welcomed as we welcome thee,
And thus, through all eternity,
We meet and part alternately,
With joy and pain.

The Old Year that took its flight,
At twelve o'clock on yesternight,
Beheld the Turk and Muscovite
With wild acclaim,

Each grappling with a stalwart foe,
And dealing death in every blow ;
The Moslem's land is still aglow
With War's red flame.

Last New Year found our own fair land,
Menaced by the smoldering brand
Of civil strife. The All-Wise hand,
Allayed the storm.

So may Columbia ever be
From every threatening peril free,
And may her prosperous children see
Peace and reform.

The "oldest settler" can't remember
A milder, pleasanter September,
Nor such a drenching, wet December
Nor such October rain.

Who ever saw since Noah's flood
Or since fierce Cain spilled Abel's blood,
The roads such deep canals of mud?
To ask is vain.

Since Chilton donned her city dress,
She seems determined to progress ;
Behold the proof of her success
And enterprise ;

No more we tread the muddy street,
For sidewalks new invite our feet ;
On every side improvements meet
Our wondering eyes.

Three splendid churches point their spires
Toward the goal of our desires ;
With these and three religious squires¹
We feel secure.

Three editors dispense their lore ;
Of lawyers we've about a score ;
Three doctors ready to restore
Health sound and sure.

Where's the man would dare to barter,
For the old regime, our city charter ?
He'd find that he had caught a tartar,
Should he try it.

The Chilton Times with honest zeal,
And mindful of the common weal,
Fought for the charter, true as steel ;
None can deny it.

Kind friends with heart true and sincere
I bid you all a glad New Year ;
May peaceful homes and wholesome cheer
Crown you with joy.

And happiness your hearts illumine,
While breathing round you her perfume ;
Such is the wish of Johnny Hume,
The Carrier Boy.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.

I. Reference is here humorously made to the three Justices of the Peace, Asaph Green, Stewart Newell and R. Schlichting, all of whom were of the highest type of integrity—perfectly just and incorruptible, although equally distinguished for their unbelief in churches.

Carrier's Address, Jan. 1, 1880.

O'er old New England's hills of pine,
We hailed the dawn of Seventy-Nine.
And o'er Mount Shasta's snowy crest,
Last night, she vanished in the west,
Just as the solemn midnight bell,
Bid her an eloquent farewell,
And with the same metallic tongue
A welcome to the New Year rung.

When a fond mother's laid to rest,
Grief saddens every orphan's breast;
Thus as a mother kind and dear,
We mourn for thee, departed year;
Thy blessings with a generous hand
Were scattered o'er our happy land.
The forge, the jenny and the loom,
Long idle, have begun to boom;
And honest labor's palsied arm
In workshop, mill, and on the farm
Oppressed by systematic wrong,
Moves free again and waxes strong.

From bounteous crops of golden grain
We fed the hungry o'er the main,
And in exchange for all we sold
We have the silver and the gold.
Thy record, dear, old Seventy-Nine
Is marred by deeds too black to shine.

Great Britain stretched abroad her hand
And crushed the rights of Zulu land;
Scouting the dearest rights of man
Among thy hills, Afghanistan.
Her robber standard waves on high
The sign of vultures hovering nigh.

Fair Erin, on thy verdant plains
The hoof of tyranny remains.
The tyrant holds thy sons in check,
With iron grasp upon thy neck.
In seventy-nine, their "discontent"
Was heard in cries of "anti-rent;"
But every struggle brings thee pain
And binds anew thy galling chain.

Great empire of the northern plains,¹
The home of Peter's and of Catherine's reigns,
Thy czars still hold despotic sway,
And freedom shuns the light of day,
But silent grows and thrives unseen,
Unchecked by knout or guillotine,
The time will come when civil war
Will crush the empire and its czar.

On this propitious New Year day,
With hearts quite free and spirits gay,
Whether the sky be clear or slaty,
We bid thee welcome, Eighteen-Eighty,
And trust with all the strength of hope
That every plain and every slope
From tepid gulf to British land,
From eastern shore to western strand,
Will be with liberal harvests blessed.
May North and South and East and West
Unite again in bonds of love,
And call down blessings from above.

And when the great quadrennial fight
Decides the battle for the right,
O, never may usurper's hand
Be raised against our happy land.
The past, its passions and its pride,
May every patriot turn his eye
Toward our glorious destiny;
And there behold a land of peace,
With power of Rome and arts of Greece;
Where right holds undisputed sway,
And ignorance has passed away.

O may these flowers forever bloom
And deck our pathway to the tomb,
Such is the hope of Archie Hume
The Carrier Boy.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.

I. Russia.

Carrier's Address, Jan. 1, 1881.

Kind patrons of the Hume-rous Press,
I greet you with my last address,
My last, for on this day, I yield
To brother George, the carrier's field;
Three weary years, my busy feet
Have weekly trod each Chilton street;
In every crowd, I know each face,
I know each person's dwelling place;
And never yet was known to fail
When waiting for my father's mail
Among the crowd of boys and men
To call out first for "Number Ten." ¹

When men's professions shall be weighed,
Will not the carrier's humble trade
Outrank some callings better paid?
I think it must, if *doing* good

Controls the balance as it should.
What keen observer fails to see
That Merit's native modesty
Too oft allows the vulture's claws
To tear asunder moral laws?
Too oft permits the vulture's beak
To strike her own offenseless cheek?
I've acted on this motto long,
To "flash resentment back for wrong."
Just call that Irish if you will,
As protector, it quite fills the bill.

As rains refresh the thirsty soil,
As merit crowns the brow of toil,
As genial beams of summer's sun
Warm the earth they shine upon;
So have I toiled to spread the light,
And banish intellectual night.
With city dailies, weekly "Times,"
I've spread the news of various climes,
Domestic quarrels, foreign broil,
The schemes of wealth, the throes of toil;
Triumphs of science and of art,
Schedules of prices in the mart.
Dread explorations to the poles,
And means to save despondent souls,
Fabrics of fiction deftly wove
And flecked with sparkling gems of love;
A medley of virtue and of crime,
True record of the current time.

All this I've brought to every door,
And during last year, something more.
Many a subject grim and weighty,
Lies on thy bosom, Eighteen-Eighty;
A bloodless combat—party strife,
With speeches and processions rife;
'Tis past, the anvil's voice is hushed,

And all our cherished hopes are crushed ;
I say *our* hopes, for with the rest,
I thought that Hancock was the best,
And so my voice was raised for him,
But I was wrong, his chance was slim.

Fair Greece, thy sons appear to be
Inspired by old Thermopylae.
Stretch forth your brawny arm of power,
And seize again your ancient dower.
The Moslem tyrant's growing weak,
The blood has vanished from his cheek ;
The "sick man" trembles, what you want,
Is to drive him o'er the Hellespont ;
Let the proud, lascivious race
No more pollute the soil of Thrace.

On Erin's shore, the gallant "League"
Defeats the network of intrigue
And confidently takes her stand
Determined to possess the land.
Brave Parnell, many a name of dread
Is hurled at thy devoted head.
Though angry billows round thee play,
Let landlords threaten and inveigh,
Continue thou to "spread the light,"
Upheld by Bradlaugh and John Bright.
The robbers' title is not good ;
'Tis written in your people's blood.
Force the grim lion to withdraw
From Irish homes his cruel paw,
And should you fail through ways of peace
To win your captive land's release,
May courage nerve the septs with might,
And "God of hosts defend the right."

In closing this recondite lay,
Strange feelings in my bosom play ;

Some thoughts of sadness, some of joy,
Perplex the humble carrier boy;
No more shall Archie bring the "Times"
Nor circulate the New Year rhymes.
His task is done, this bright New Year
Promotes him to another sphere;
Hope swells within his throbbing breast,
Sweet hope, that gentle sunny guest,
Whose light illumines each heart's recess
With dreams of future happiness.
Like other boys, his fancy strays
Into the realm of future days,
And there portrays a smiling land,
Where sorrows cease and joys expand.
Though well he knows the bright ideal,
It seldom comports with the real.

Old Eighteen-Eighty's past and gone,
All hail the New Year, 'Eighty-One;
Good bye old year, time bids you go
Through biting frost and blinding snow;
'Twas hard but just, your haggard form
Tattooed with marks of wind and storm;
And meager crops, and deathbed scene
Will haunt our memories long, I ween.
Welcome, New Year, no tongue can tell
Whether you'll treat us ill or well.
Hope whispers, He's a sanguine guesser,
That you'll beat your predecessor.
Now, gentle friends, a long farewell,
My gratitude no words can tell.
To brother George, I hope you'll be
As kind as you have been to me.
My muse forsakes me with a sigh,
And so I bid you all, good bye.

ARCHIE HUME.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.

- i. No. 10 was Mr. Hume's box at the post office.

Carriers' Address, Jan. 1, 1882.

Kind friends of my childhood,
Receive my first greeting ;
This bright, happy New Year
Brings gladness to you,
But within my sad bosom an orphan's heart beating,
Mourns for a father, kind, tender, and true.
The home of that father, so happy and joyous,
Was clouded by only one shadow of gloom,¹
That one single foible did only annoy us
And dim the bright cheer in the mansion of Hume.
The angel of death smote our house with his pinion,
And crushed the *main pillar* at one cruel blow ;
Reluctant we bow to the tyrant's dominion,
As chastened we travel the valley of woe.

Ah well do we know many thousands have perished
Leaving desolate homes and disconsolate friends.
The czar of the Russias so *hated* and *cherished*,
From his nihilist foes, no Cossack defends.
Our own honored chieftain,³ the head of the nation,
By the hand of a monster lies low in his grave ;
Thus mortals, however exalted their station,
The humble, the noble, the timid and brave,
All fall like the grass 'neath the scythe of the mower ;
No hand can arrest the sad work of decay.
O, Nature, of choice gifts, the constant bestower,
Why pluck the fair flowers that embellish our way ?
We mourn not alone for the cherished departed,
Each green grave has mourners that kneel at its shrine.
And no casket encloses, dear father, true hearted,
A nobler, a more loving bosom than thine.
Like an ever-green shrub shall thy memory linger,

As bright as a sprig of the emerald pine.
 While thy children and wife live, oblivion's finger
 May erase other memories, but will not fade thine.
 The duties of men to thy sons have descended ;
 The cumbersome load may be heavy to bear ;
 We shall stand by the cause which our father defended ;
 And are fully determined "to do and to dare."
 We shall publish the "Times" and endeavor to make it
 A faithful reflector of current events.
 The friends of our father will never forsake it
 Nor abandon the cause which the "Times" represents.
 With *truth* for our motto and justice our leader ;
 We turn to the future with hope in our breast ;
 We ask and expect that each patron and reader
 Will cheerfully aid us, when put to the test.
 Remember that sympathy, while it may cheer us,
 Is not the best evidence patrons can show ;
 The kind little greenback when constantly near us
 Is a welcome companion wherever we go.
 Then patrons, we charge you, remember the printer,
 Square up your accounts and be happy once more ;
 And we shall be able to brave the cold winter,
 And change the gaunt wolf to a cow at our door.
 Kind patrons, we thank you with hearts overflowing,
 For many kind acts at your generous hands ;
 We bid you farewell for a season, well knowing
 That friendship unites us like iron bands.
 Let us bid the old year and its sorrows adieu ;
 The former is fled but the latter remains,
 The light of the New Year now dazzles our view,
 And opens new fields for our hands and our brains.

GEORGIE C. HUME.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

1. Reference is here made to the elder Hume's bibulous foible.
2. Refers to the assassination of Czar Alexander II. in 1881.
3. Refers to the assassination of President Garfield.

Carrier's Address, Jan. 1, 1884.

The grim old year of Eighty-Three
Has fled the realms of present time,
But leaves a page of history,
Dark as the raven soul of crime;
Long will the name remembered be,
When ordinary years are borne
On Lethe's waves, past human memory;
Long will our race have cause to mourn,
And trace the cause of their distress
To thee, thou dark, departed year.
No tongue nor pen can well express
The depth of sorrow, ghastly fear
Which thou hast spread o'er land and sea.
The elements have been thy slave,
To execute thy fell decree,
And people many a new-made grave.
The fierce tornado swept the land,
Mowed many a swath of ruin wide;
The humble cot, the mansion grand,
The homes of poverty and pride
Were razed alike, their occupants
Were torn alike from earthly ties,
And scattered by the elements
Like snow beneath December's skies.
Upon the ocean's foamy breast,
Upon the bosom of the lakes,
Man mounts the billow's snowy crest
And sinks beneath it when it breaks.

On far-famed Ischia's¹ sunny isle
Which gems the Mediterranean blue,
Where Phoebus casts his brightest smile,
And night brings all her stars to view;
There on that isle of calm repose,
When all was peace and joy supreme,
The rumbling earthquake's thunders rose—

My heart recoils from such a theme—
The spires, the palaces and domes
That told of wealth, of pride and power
Were ruined, and a thousand homes
Were wrecked in that tremendous hour.
'Neath walls and roofs for shelter made
Eight thousand living souls were crushed.
The waves advanced, returned dismayed,
Like frightened herds distracted rushed.
The morning dawned and all was peace—
The peace that once in Moscow reigned;
Some struggling wretches sought release,
Some sought their kin, in death enchained.

Away beyond the Indian sea,
Where Java lifts her snowy peaks,
Happened a worse catastrophe—
One of the most malignant "freaks."
Where many a thickly peopled town,
Beneath the equatorial sun,
A vast region, sank right down,
And ocean's waves rushed over and upon.
Full eighty thousand people fell,
And perished on that dismal night;
Volcanic fires and fumes of hell
Stifled the breath—appalled the sight.
Thus, every month throughout the year
Brought fresh disaster to our race.
Our own household writhes in pain—
Two lovely sisters born to grace
Our home, were snatched by death away.
Can we forget thee, year of misery?
No, as our deep sorrow never can decay,
So shall thy memory live, old Eighty-Three.
No wonder that a crimson glow¹
Paints every morning, every evening scene;
'Tis thus you blush for every deed of woe.
Away false year! begone thou bloody queen!

Go, ring the bells, let each an anthem peal;
Go, fire the guns, let every cannon roar;
Let every heart the ardent welcome feel,
With which we greet thee, gallant Eighty-Four.
Accept our greeting, bright New Year
And you, ye patrons of the "Times,"
The first responds with look of happy cheer,
The latter answer with their silver dimes.
GEORGIE HUME.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.

- i. This was a remarkable phenomenon of the year 1883.
-

An Extract from the Address of Jan. 1, 1885.

And Russia casts a wistful eye
On Britain's booty; with a sigh
She views the plains of Hindostan,
Where Britain crushes prostrate man.
With patience bides the cherished time
When she will revel in the crime
Of seizing with a robber hand,
The other thief's¹ ill-gotten land.
Far better had she long ago
Encouraged liberty to grow,²
Removed her chains from human thought,
Established schools where right is taught.
Thus buttressed, would her mighty power
Make thrones tremble, tyrants cower;
But seldom is the tyrant known
To yield in peace his gilded throne;
For since the time of Noah's flood
The price of freedom has been—blood.³
Among the lands without a throne
The carrier is proud to name his own,
The freest, grandest land of earth

With no distinction as to birth.
 For none are slaves but freemen all,
 And subject to our country's call;
 The land of Godlike Washington,
 The land where victories are won
 By tongue and pen, by ax and spade,—
 Victories that will not fade,
 Greater than was ever won
 With gleaming sword or belching gun.
 A land where science flashes free,
 Piercing each glooming mystery,—
 Where public schools dispense their light,—
 Bright, starry beacons of the night,—
 Where every freeman casts a vote,
 His country's welfare to promote.

For this we love our native land,
 Her blooming vales and mountains grand.
 Each glorious Fourth, we celebrate,
 Whichever party rules the state.
 Every fourth year rolling round
 Since we have toddled o'er the ground
 The "Times" has meekly eaten crow;
 ('Tis quite unsavory, you know.)
 And shanghais⁴ clapped their hands in glee,
 Boasting of their victory.
 But thou, thrice welcome Eighty-Four
 Hast brought us victory once more.

GEORGIE HUME.

1. The writer thinks that the name applied to those who steal trifles should not offend those who steal empires.
2. Had Russia done this at an early date she might be, with her vast area and natural resources, the leading country of the world.
3. The enfranchisement of Brazil now furnishes an exception to this rule.
4. A nickname applied by democrats to republicans.

Carrier's Address, Jan. 1, 1890.

True to custom I appear,
Before you on this bright New Year
And greet you with my blandest smile
And in the same iambic style.
Old 'Eighty-Nine has passed from view
And left a record clear and true;
Filled pages of the tome of time,
With deeds of virtue, deeds of crime;
The same old struggle for the right,
With weapons keen and armor bright.
The year has fled—the deeds remain
To light our footsteps o'er the plain;
And wise is he and sharp his sight
Who fearless treads the starry night
Where old experience sheds his light.

Ben Harrison now fills the chair
Where Cleveland with a lordly air
Sat and with a dexterous arm
Swung his great falchion of "reform."
Proud Bayard closed his haughty reign;
Made way for great magnetic Blaine.
Our Jerry's in the cabinet,
And Hoard's where Morgan didn't get.¹
Thousands of good democ-rats
Gave way for other willing rats.
In this great teeter of renown,
One class goes up, another down
And while the magic kettle boils
Evolving quantities of spoils,
Four gleaming federal stars appear
To signalize the closing year.
The two Dakotas hand in hand,
And Washington, that fir-tree land,
And high Montana whose dispute
May yet bear ugly, bitter fruit,²

All robed in statehood's starry sheen
Have joined the "Galaxy Serene,"
And vow that they have come to stay
And gem the nation's milky way.

Last fall's election clearly shows
The way the wind at present blows.
Ohio showed her Campbell's³ hump
And gave her Foraker a bump
That sent him sprawling on his back;
One eye is blue—the other black.
In Iowa, that prairie state
Where no one takes his whiskey "straight"⁴
The gallant Horace Boies⁵ won
And placed his mark on Hutchinson.
In the great state that's ruled by Hill
The parties had a dreadful "mill"
And when the smoke had cleared away
'Twas found our fellows won the day.
Thus you can see 'tis plain to view
That we shall win in Ninety-Two.

Within the *recent* "long ago"
Our sapient President Monroe
Sent the grim warning o'er the sea
The western world must be free,
By firm and solemn dec'aration,
From European colonization
Upon the western continent.
The old world knew our firm intent,
But when secession drew the knife
And plunged our land in bloody strife,
France beheld an opportunity
And thought she could with sure impunity
Strike a most terrific blow
At the great "Doctrine of Monroe"
—And so she conquered Mexico.

She placed on Montezuma's throne
A princely puppet of her own ;
But when our civil strife was o'er
Proud Maximillian was no more—
And so may every despot die
Who strikes one star from freedom's sky.

The western world now holds the key
To a most glorious destiny ;
And true to a supreme desire
We burn with patriotic fire
A closer union to ordain
Upon this side Atlantic's main.
From every nation in the west
Was sent the wisest and the best
To a congress held in Washington
Where noble work was truly done.
After due deliberation
On what concerned each western nation
The "Pan Americans" were shown
O'er the vast land we call our own.

They saw our valleys and our hills,
Majestic rivers, mountain rills ;
They saw our cities great and grand,
With factories on every hand ;
They peeped between our prison bars,
And rode upon our palace cars ;
They saw our free unfettered schools ;
And pondered o'er our social rules ;
They saw us make a thousand things
From engines down to beetle rings ;
And as each delegate returns
His soul with admiration burns
For this imperial land of ours
Which leads the train of Western Powers.
Thus have we scattered useful seeds
And extirpated noxious weeds.

Where Amazon his deluge pours
From snow-capped Andes to the shores
Of great Dom Pedro's wide domain
The people closed his happy reign,
And not a single man was slain.
Who ever saw an empire grown
To such proportions overthrown
Without a dreadful holocaust
Of precious blood and treasure lost?

To close the record of the year
We saw the pall—the sable bier
Which bore Jeff Davis to the tomb;
His death has cast a pall of gloom
O'er all the states of Dixie land
Where once he held supreme command.
Let simple charity inclose
His ashes in their last repose.
Let all the errors which he taught
Be buried with him; not a thought
Of bitter feeling should assault
The erring statesman in his vault.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

1. This refers to the election of 1888.
2. Refers to the bitter Clark-Daily strife.
3. Campbell was the democratic candidate for governor against Foraker in 1889.
4. Then a prohibitory state.
5. Boies, the democratic candidate for governor, defeated Hutchinson in 1889.

Carrier's Address, Jan. 1, 1891.

Kind readers of the Chilton Times,
Permit a boy of tender years
To pour in your attentive ears
His batch of New Year rhymes.

I take the paper from the press
And, borne along on nimble feet,
Dispense the news on every street;
And now I launch my first address.

It was the custom long before
A loving mother gave me birth,
Before I looked upon the earth;
Yes, in those "happy days of yore,"

On the first morning of the year,
For each successive carrier kid
To tell what noted people did,
And happenings of far and near.

I simply tread the beaten track
Where other lads have passed along
And sang a like unpolished song
Of earthquake, war and "yellow jack;"

Of expeditions to the poles
Among the Esquimaux and bears
And foxes in their icy lairs,
Where midnight sun in wonder rolls.

And often, I remember well,
They made political allusion
To party folly and collusion,
But what they meant I could not tell.

Last summer, I could overhear
The people talking with a will
About the bad McKinley Bill
As they were drinking lager beer;

They all appeared so mad at Bill
Because he raised the price so high
Of everything we have to buy
They ground him in the public mill.

And then they talked of Bennett law
Which makes the English tongue the rule
In every lawful Badger school;
They riddled it with tooth and claw;

And thus Wisconsin took a "flop;"
November's cards were shuffled fair
And when the trump was turned with care
The Little Joker¹ was on top.

For the first time in many years
The democrats have won the state
'Cause Hoard had smashed the Sawyer slate;
The star of hope at last appears.

And through my boyish observation,
I find that all along the line,
Republicans have cause to whine;
They stand defeated through the nation.

The party known as the Alliance
Leaps to the front with magic power;
Before it politicians cower
But have not dared to breathe defiance.

It hurled Wade Hampton from his seat,
And Ingalls of the caustic tongue
Whose voice has long in senate rung
It promises his sure defeat.

The future hangs like summer's sky
O'ercast by many a murky cloud
And thunders muttering deep and loud
To light or dim hope's anxious eye.

No carrier can pretend to scan
The future with prophetic ken,
But judging from the talk of men
Old Grover is the coming man.

Upon the verge of Niney-One
I would not risk a prophet's name
(Foundation of my future fame)
On party rule in Washington.

For, as the mighty caldron boils,
The foam upon its top today,
May bubble over—pass away
Ere Ninety-Two shall yield her spoils.

One thing is certain—Calumet
"Is democratic to the core" ¹
As she has always been before;
She shines when other stars have set.

Another thing is just as sure;
Had I a surplus in my pocket
I'd be as brave as Davy Crocket
'Twould make my happiness secure.

ARTIE CONNELLY.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

1. Governor Geo. W. Peck, author of the humorous "Peck's Bad Boy."
2. That was the case, but party folly in state and nation, as well as the Kersten defalcation, seem to have placed the majority on the other side.

Carrier's Address, Jan. 1, 1892.

Where smiles the girl or laughs the boy
Whose heart beats not with childish joy,
Nor leaps with expectation high
On that bright morning in July,
When every hamlet is ablaze
With pyrotechnical displays?
The same fond hearts beat high with glee

Around the annual Christmas tree ;
And old and young unite to cheer
The advent of each glad New Year.
There's not a boy in all the land
Whose pulses thrill and lungs expand
With higher hope and deeper zeal,
Than I, your humble carrier feel
On this first day of Ninety-Two
When all the world looks bright and new.

'Tis scarce a year since I began
To labor like a little man ;
To play the devil round the press
And rival Uncle Sam's express
As on my weekly trip I bound
To take the "Times" the city round.
And I have pondered deep and long
If I could write a New Year song
Like Henry, Artie and the rest,
And I've resolved to do my best
And should I chance to fall behind,
Be to my faults a little blind.

One night, when I had gone to bed
And placed at rest my weary head,
A rosy vision seemed to fall
Before me on the snow-white wall ;
Above the picture—Ninety-One,
The fading year, now past and gone
Shone out in letters bold and clear,
The headlines of a prosperous year.
Green fields of corn and waving grain,
And herds upon the smiling plain,
Fair, happy homes bedecked the scene,
Like pearls upon a bed of green.
I saw our Badger Solons meet
Within the Capitol's retreat ;
They met mid popular applause

To modify Wisconsin's laws ;
And how the great rotunda rung
When Vilas of the silver tongue
Was chosen in the senate race
For Spooner's high and honored place.

I saw the signs of bloodless war
Upon the far horizon's bar,
Where Flower and Fassett waged the fight
And Fassett fell—a wounded knight.
I saw the gallant Boies² stand
The hero of that prairie land,
Where Wheeler's forces fighting fell
Mid prohibition's dismal knell ;
I saw McKinley's³ waving plume,
And witnessed noble Campbell's doom ;
Above the autumn's bleatant din,
I heard the sound of clashing tin,
And the deep twang of ringing steel,
And saw the seried columns wheel ;
But when election day was o'er
Peace ruled the land from shore to shore.

When congress met at Washington
Fair Georgia sent her favorite son,⁴
A man well qualified to lead
And occupy the place of Reed ;⁵
But Texas sent her flowery Mills,
Well versed in drawing tariff bills
And he proposed to lead the van,
But Crisp was found the stronger man.

The scene shifted, and afar,
I saw the gloomy cloud of war
Float o'er the Andes' western slope
Where Chili's warriors fiercely cope,
Victorious rebels win the fight,
And Balmaceda,⁶ balked in flight,

Deserted in his mountain land
Fell by his own despotic hand,
Preferring death to all the woes
Expected from vindictive foes.

Elate with ignorance and pride
And British agents for their guide,
The populace began to damn
The friendly sons of Uncle Sam.
And sailors from the Baltimore,
Without suspicion went ashore,
When a rude mob, equipped for fight,
Attacked them one October night;
Of the brave tars in navy blue,
Some they wounded, some they slew.
But were the sailors armed as well
They'd make the treacherous sons of hell
Feel in that momentous hour
The outraged Yankee's crushing power.
They underrate this proud heroic land
For we shall back a firm demand⁷
For reparation with a host
To sweep the cities from their coast.

My vision vanished, morning's ray
Blended its beauties into golden day;
With eager hope we turn to Ninety-Two,
Sweet hope for all that's good and true,
That right may triumph, every wrong decay,
And peace and justice bear unchallenged sway.

EMIL BOSSHARD.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

1. In 1891 Mr. Flower, the democratic candidate for governor of New York, was elected over Fassett, the republican.
2. Re-elected governor in Iowa over Wheeler, the republican candidate.
3. Elected governor over Campbell, the democratic candidate.

4. Crisp, elected speaker of the house of representatives over Mills.

5. Reed was speaker of the previous congress, which was republican.

6. Balmaceda was the lawful president of that republic and being defeated in his effort to crush the rebellion, committed suicide rather than fall into the hands of his victorious enemies.

7. Due reparation was made.

Carrier's Address, Jan. 1, 1893.

In cities metropolitan

Where many thousands dwell,
Above the busy murmur,
Rings the newsboy's clarion yell,

As he cries the mighty dailies
On a key so sharp and shrill
Repeating all the headlines
With a spirit and a will;

At morn, at noon and evening
Is heard his merry tune
While he sells the Times and Herald,
Inter Ocean and Tribune.¹

How he gathers in the nickels,
Like lightning makes the change;
How rapid are his movements
As he shifts to get in range.

He strikes each new arrival,
For he welcomes every train,
In the storm and in the sunshine
In the blizzard and the rain.

His clothes are always ragged,
And he often has the "blues"
But he's heaven's appointed agent
To disseminate news.

But here in quiet Chilton,
How different the case
I know each true subscriber
And am known in every place;

Each Saturday, at early dawn,
My face must beam with joy,
For I scatter more intelligence
Than any other boy.

The "Times" is heavy laden
With items of the week
And articles on politics
Which to me are only Greek.

There went to Minneapolis
In summer's early days
A host of office holders,
To sing their idol's praise;

They nominated Harrison
And spurned the gifted Blaine
Then planned with seeming unity
A vigorous campaign.

But the lofty western states
And some upon the plains,
Were led away from Harrison
By Weaver's silver chains;

The democratic leaders
With office seeking ken,
Placed in nomination,
One of Wall Street's crafty men,

The fat and cunning Grover
Who posed as Shylock's foe;
But Wall Street knew his character
Had learned it long ago;

And when the vote was counted
That chill November night
The people shouted lustily;
They thought they voted right.

From every ardent postmaster,
There came a dismal sob,
And many hearts beat high with joy,
That Peck retains his "job."

The "Times" set up its rooster,
The fattest in its coop,
And did some lusty crowing,
O'er the fellows "in the soup."

Good by to "robber tariff,"
Adieu "McKinley Bill,"
All hail the prosperous era,
Which is expected still.

If our promises are broken,
They will no longer trust us,
But will seek an opportunity
To unmercifully bust us.

And if we keep our promises
And "booming times" return
About the next election
We need have no concern.

The hand of little Emil
Will still dispense the news
And keep the people posted
On all the curlycues.

He hopes to be remembered
With gratitude—and dimes—
As he begins in Ninety-Three,
To circulate the "Times."

EMIL BOSSHARD.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.

- i. The leading Chicago dailies of that time.

Carrier's Address, Jan. 1, 1894.

Kind patrons, just listen and you shall hear
The carrier's plea on this happy New Year.
No scion of royalty pampered with wine
Has a heart in his bosom so joyous as mine,
As I step to the front in my new avocation,
And bring you the news from all over creation;
For I carry the "Times" every week to your door,
Well loaded with news and political lore.
It preaches democracy straight as a string
And gives it the true Jeffersonian ring;
It "went for" protection and did its full share,
In placing fat Grover again in the chair;
And the "Wizard of Destiny" ¹ knew it so well
That he rung one republican postmaster's knell.

The first great event of the year that is gone,
Was the fall of Queen Lilly, the "Ebony Swan," ²
Her throne in Hawaii is gone to decay,
There are too many freemen to suffer her sway;
We'll do nothing ungallant to one of her sex,
But that "coral formation" we're bound to annex.

The crowning event of the year—of the age—
Was the advent upon the Columbian stage
Of the peoples of earth, from near and from far,
With engines of peace and equipments of war;

A grand intermingling of races of men,
Such as the world will scarce witness again.⁴

They came from the North, South, East and West.
Every country sent hither full many a guest ;
They brought the fair products of muscle and brain—
The products of factory, forest and plain ;
The wealth of Golconda a thousand times o'er
In lavish profusion was brought to our shore.
Uncle Sam met the multitude thronging our coast
With a true, hearty welcome becoming the host ;
And Chicago, the bright, dazzling queen of the west,
Arrayed in her richest, her choicest and best,
Waved her magical wand over Michigan's tide
And lo! the "White City" arose by its side.
She opened the gates with a bow to the world,
And above them the banner of freedom unfurled.

The buildings were marvels of fashion and size
Which struck each beholder with wondering surprise.
Every column and portico, cornice and dome,
Was a magnified reflex of Corinth or Rome ;
And the form of Columbia rose from the tide,
Erect in her pose of magnificent pride.
For a city of palaces compassed her round,
Which her own mighty genius had placed on the ground ;
Capacious apartments were duly assigned
And "the mills of the gods" ⁵ were all ready to grind.

The goods were unpacked and arranged for display,
When the "button" was touched on the first day of May ;
That magical button, so small and so bright!
Roused the slumbering giant,⁵ all harnessed in might ;
Every shaft, wheel and pulley its mission began
To illustrate the wonderful genius of man.

And then came the sightseers all summer long,
Forming a vast and continuous throng ;

Men of wealth were there early and staid until fall,
But no one could say that he saw it quite all.
And many whose wallets were meager and thin
Left the grounds with a wish for more time and more tin,
But hard times came on like a withering blight,
And made the spondulicks so scarce and so "tight"
That thousands of people said they didn't care
To go to Chicago to visit the fair.

(In this great majority, Count Willie Baier,
He lacked legal tender, but not the desire.)

WILLIE BAIER.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

1. A name applied to President Cleveland, presumably on account of his astonishing and undeserved elevation from the position of an obscure though cunning attorney in Buffalo to the positions, in succession, of sheriff of Erie county, governor of New York, and his regrettable triumph in 1884 over the great and gifted James G. Blaine for the presidency.
2. This has reference to the removal of the republican postmaster at Chilton and the appointment to that position of W. A. Hume, the editor of the Chilton Times.
3. A name applied to the queen of Hawaii, who was deposed on the creation of the republic and its annexation to the United States.
4. The World's Fair Centennial Exposition held at Chicago in 1893.
5. Refers to the varied machinery operated in the Exposition.
6. This refers to the vast Corliss engine which furnished motive power for all the machinery.

Carrier's Address, Jan. 1, 1895.

Kind friends, one year ago today,
I issued my initial lay,
Saluting with my New Year rhymes
The friendly patrons of the "Times;"

Thankful was I for favors past,
And hopeful they might always last;
No disappointment seemed in store,
To cloud my life in Ninety-Four;
And now, on this bright New Year day,
To every friend, I've this to say,
I thank you from my heart's deep core
For what you did in Ninety-Four,
For every favor you bestowed,
Like sunshine on my weekly road.
No better warrant do I ask
To cheer me in my current task.
Though times were hard and money tight,
You ne'er forgot the carrier wight.

Last night the solemn midnight bell
Poured out a dismal, deep farewell,
Seeming to say, "Old Ninety-Four
Return to us, oh, never more,"
Year of disaster, year of woe,
What goblin sent thee here below?
Begone, avaunt, hie thee away,
For life is torment whilst thou stay.
Thy yield of crops was fair indeed;
Kind nature did her share to feed
The toiling millions of the land.
'Tis hard for man to understand
Why hungry hosts march too and fro¹
Where milk and honey freely flow,
And beg their way from door to door
As they have done in Ninety-Four.
Where breathes the man, where dwells the sage,
Whose wealth of wisdom will engage
The knotty problem to explain?
For such a man the search is vain;
Old Ninety-Four thy heart of stone
Must bear the heavy blame alone.

A change came o'er the conscious bell,
A cadence in its dismal swell;
Like softest tones of German flute,
Or sweeter notes of lovers' lute;
It whispered gently in the air,
An eloquent and ardent prayer,
It seemed to say, "Young Ninety-Five,
Bid flagging industry revive;
Let gentle peace resume her sway,
Drive war and pestilence away,
Bid trusting hope cheer up the heart,
And active scenes reclaim the mart;
Put steam's broad shoulder to the wheel,
And forge again the bars of steel;
Breathe in each mill the breath of life,
Lend vigor to industrial strife;
Stir up the furnace till it glows,
Rain on the anvil ringing-blows;
Fill thou the flapping idle sail
Of commerce, with a gentle gale;
Do this and thou hast carved a name,
Resplendent with historic fame.
Just then, the bell's great iron tongue
Hushed its voice and silent hung.

From out the ebon realms of night,
Far, far, above the steeple's height,
A gentle voice was heard to sing,
"I come, I come on swiftest wing,
With peace and plenty in my train,
Cheer up, good times will come again;
The state shall prosper, people thrive,
Long ere the close of Ninety-Five."
The sounds, still ringing in my ear,
Repeat the promise loud and clear,
And as I turn inquiring eye
Upon the leaden winter sky.

Faith, faith alone pervades its gloom
And revels in perennial bloom.

November's ides have come and gone
And left deep snows the earth upon;
Beneath these snows lie buried deep,
Great statesmen in eternal sleep.
One lofty Hill² lies buried low
Beneath an avalanche of snow;
Wrapped in the cloak of his ambition,
He sank to political perdition.
And Peck, the "governor for fun,"³
Whose prowess two great battles won,
Was swamped with Hunner and O'Connor,
And other gentlemen of honor.
Nor was our Owen Wells o'erlooked,
For his goose was nicely Cooked.⁴
Our party met a sore defeat,
But yet the rout was not complete,
For Calumet and Manitowoc
Stood like Gibraltar's rock;
The conquering Japanese are we,
Before whom all the "Pigtails" flee.
So friends, look not so glum and sullen,
While Wolfinger⁵ and John McMullen,⁶
Hold their heads above the snow,
To index what lies hid below.
Long life to "Little Calumet"
Her flag surmounts the ramparts yet.

WILLIE BAIER.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

1. This is a reference to the "Coxey army," a growing body of idle men which marched from the west to Washington to demand relief, in imitation of a like demonstration once made in England. It proved a mere farce.

2. David B. Hill of New York defeated that year.

3. This term was applied to Geo. W. Peck on account of his humorous writings by General Bragg, who opposed his nomination for governor when Peck was first nominated in 1890. General Bragg, in his speech, said, "We don't want a governor *for fun*."

4. Owen A. Wells was beaten for congress by S. A. Cook of Neenah.

5. Wolfinger was elected to the assembly by democrats this year.

6. McMullen was elected to the state senate by the democrats in the senatorial district comprising the counties of Calumet and Manitowoc.

Carrier's Address, Jan. 1, 1896.

When Ninety-Five began her sway
One year ago this happy day,
My readers ken the earnest prayer
The carrier murmured in despair.
Though all around looked dark and drear,
I then invoked the new born year,
To brush away the people's woes
And bring us plenty and repose.
My fancy made the midnight bell
Pour out my heart's desire so well,
That I repeat my salutation
From last year's metrical oration.

I reasoned thus with Ninety-Five:
"Bid flagging industry revive,
Let gentle peace resume her sway,
Drive war and pestilence away;
Bid trusting hope cheer up the heart,
And active scenes reclaim the mart;
Put steam's broad shoulder to the wheel
And forge again the bars of steel;
Breathe in each mill the breath of life,
Lend vigor to industrial strife

Stir up the furnace till it glows,
Rain on the anvil ringing blows;
Fill thou the flapping idle sail
Of commerce with a gentle gale;
Do this and thou hast carved a name
Resplendent with historic fame."
I thought I heard an angel's voice
Ring out the mandate to rejoice,
"I come, I come, on swiftest wing,
With peace and plenty in my train,
Cheer up, good times will come again;
The state shall prosper, people thrive,
Long ere the close of Ninety-Five."

'Twas but the Arch Fiend's lying tongue
That from the cloud that message rung;
No promise ever went abroad
That proved to be a greater fraud.
'Tis true, kind nature did her share
To smoothe the wrinkled brow of care,
For earth poured forth her richest treasure
In royal, cornucopian measure.
The farmer's visage wears a sullen frown
As wheat and barley, oats and rye go down,¹
And indignation sets his cheeks aflame,
To think his note and mortgage stand the same;
With shilling oats and wheat at forty cents,
His year of toil finds paltry recompense.
If very thrifty and quite out of debt,
He has, 'tis true, no serious cause to fret;
With two-cent pork and rye at forty-five,
He will not starve although he cannot thrive;
Prodigious crops rolled in from every field
And blessed his labor with tremendous yield
But "bottom prices" swept his hopes away,
And left him nothing for "a rainy day;"
No course remains, except to hope anew,
And once again, the path of toil pursue.

When the next great politician
Tells the people 'tis his mission,
To cure all ills from which they suffer,
He will be written down a bluffer
Unless he demonstrates his plan
And shows himself an honest man.
The trickster who evolves the scheme
To make the "cormorants" supreme,
Is sure to leave his lofty place
Dragging his party in disgrace;
He well deserves the execration
Of every patriot in the nation.

Upon the far horizon's bar,
Is seen the rising cloud of war;
Lord Salisbury declines to show
Regard for the "Doctrine of Monroe,"²
And seeks to make a weaker nation
Accept his one-sided "arbitration;"
But now his lordship's held in check
With a Yankee hand upon his neck,
His ancient game of annexation
Is challenged by the Yankee nation;
Old Europe trembles at his roar;
Not so upon this Western shore.

Majestic Cuba—Erin of the West
The Spaniard's heel is still upon thy breast;
Arise, recumbent Queen of the Antiles,
And spurn the hateful power of Castile.

The Chilton Times recorded with regret,
The sad defeat our noble party met;
It mourns the loss of Jersey and "Kentuck,"
Where democrats their colors struck,
And all along the bloodless battle line,
From Maine to far Pacific's brine;
Our party leaders wounded in defeat

Beat once again a "masterly retreat."
 In Ninety-Six, we'll dress our broken ranks
 And smite the foe upon his burly flanks;
 His lusty scramble for official spoils,
 Will surely throw him headlong in our toils;³
 His factions wage a sharp campaign of slander,
 And seem divided on the "gerrymander."
 They called the last apportionment a "steal,"
 And yet they do not change the "deal."⁴
 One faction says that Upham is too gruff,
 And has not half good offices enough;
 And Sawyer with the bulging wallet⁵
 Is lying low for Bob La Follette.
 Whichever way their faction fight may go
 Our party's sure to meet a cloven foe.
 Upon the foremost verge of Ninety-Six,
 I find the air well charged with politics;
 Exciting times are looming on my sight,
 May wisdom triumph—"God defend the right."
WILLIE BAIER.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

1. This was a year of remarkably low prices for farm produce.
2. This refers to the attempt of Lord Salisbury to force Venezuela to yield without arbitration, a part of her territory to Great Britain. The stand taken by President Cleveland in this matter stands out in bold relief from his otherwise mischievous administration.
3. A prophecy not practically realized.
4. The republicans denounced the redistricting of the state under Peck as a gerrymander and a steal, but when they resumed power they failed to utilize their opportunity to correct what they had denounced as a wrong.
5. This refers to the beginning of the division in the republican party resulting from the failure of Senator Sawyer to secure the services of La Follette in fighting the treasury suits and his recognized hostility to the latter in consequence.

Carrier's Address, Jan. 1, 1897.

Kind friends of the printer, I greet you,
And bid you a happy New Year;
I have no disposition to cheat you,
But every incentive to cheer.
Each Saturday morn I have brought you
The "Times," overbubbling with news,
And I'm sure it has faithfully taught you
How to meet the political Jews.¹
Ninety-Six was a season of plenty
And dealt with a liberal hand,
But still not a farmer in twenty,
Could cancel the merchant's demand.
The merchant himself was a debtor,
His creditors longed for their pay;
The laborer's case was no better,
He was idle for many a day.
Yes, millions of wandering freemen,
Sought work broad Columbia through,
Stout landsmen and vigorous seamen,
Were tramping, with little to do.
A just and humane distribution
Of nature's magnificent stores
Would prove a most happy solution.
Of wrongs now assailing our doors.
Our homes are our country's foundation;
How many are pining today,
Their thrift is the thrift of the nation,
Their ruin, the nation's decay.
The cause of our hapless condition
Is the outrage of Seventy-Three,
When Shylock attained his ambition
And silver no longer was free.

The parties in summer convention
Made platforms of different hues;
And the one with the gilded pretension
Just suited the Eastern "Jews."

So the great metropolitan press
Which the banks so completely control,
Supported McKinley and golden distress,
And "the bodies without any soul." ²

Chicago's convention was held in July,
And the friends of the people were there;
Plutocracy's minions, so heartless and sly,
Were there to corrupt and ensnare,
But the popular champions, watchful and strong,
Deftly baffled plutocracy's might;
And scourged every form of political wrong,
While they nobly defended the right.

They chose for a leader the brightest and best,
A Demosthenes able and grand;
The friend of all classes, the pride of the west,
Great Bryan, the hope of the land.
The silver republicans full of defiance,
And populists able and bold
United with us in a triple alliance
For greenbacks, silver and gold.
McKinley, supported by trusts and combines,
That furnished each pilgrim a pass,
Talked from his porch³ of mysterious signs,
Of good times for the laboring class;
While Bryan the eloquent made a grand tour,
Enlightening the gathering masses;
He spoke solid sense to the rich and the poor,
The men uncorrupted with passes.
He worked like a giant of infinite might,
For the rank—and—file's true education;
And lost by a scratch in the terrible fight;
He was beaten by colonization.⁴
The Cleveland-McKinley stagnation,
Has reached such tremendous dimensions,
Banks failing all over the nation,
Will settle all petty contentions;

And when the new century dawns,
The year of one thousand nine hundred,
The people, the suffering pawns
Will discover that some one has blundered ;
And Bryan the just and the true,
Will lead the victorious throng ;
His record will carry him through,
Triumphant o'er villainous wrong.⁷

The gem of the Spanish possessions,
Is writhing in terrible pain ;
The victim of cruel oppressions,
By brutal, tyrannical Spain.
The name of detestable Weyler,
Makes the cheek of humanity pale ;
He is virtue's unblushing assailer,
Black ruin is seen in his trail.
He may butcher a whole generation
And impoverish Cuba and Spain,
But Cuba will yet be a nation ;
For freemen die—never in vain.⁸
Had a philanthropist able and true,
But occupied Washington's chair,⁹
The rule of the old world had ceased in the new,
And the Spanish hyena been scourged to his lair.

Let us hope in this hour of palpable gloom,
That the dark clouds are passing away ;
That Cuba surviving her threatening doom,
May bask in the light of millennial day.

WILLIE BAIER.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

1. A term applied to the selfish and unfair combinations of capital, since then called trusts. No reflections are intended upon the Jews as a religious body.
2. Corporations.

3. It is a fact that he made no speeches except from the porch at his home, and those were made to crowds brought there by all the railroads leading to Canton, fare-free, on passes furnished by the different republican committees.

4. On the publication of this address it was savagely criticised by Mr. Reed, editor of the Appleton Post, a man of gentlemanly instincts, generally, and of no small degree of literary power, but such a bitter partisan that he was nettled by the allusion and pronounced the address, "mush." This act of Mr. Reed reflected more severely on himself than on the author, for within the last year Thomas W. Lawson of Boston in his "Frenzied Finance" makes reference to the appearance of Marcus A. Hanna, chairman of the republican national committee, among the financiers of Boston and New York in the summer of 1896, and when questioned about the prospects answered that if the election were to take place immediately Mr. Bryan would surely be elected, but added that with an additional \$5,000,000 to the republican campaign fund he could so manage the doubtful states as to secure the election of the republican ticket. Mr. Lawson says that this amount was raised and placed in Hanna's hands. No one believes that a sufficient number of votes could be bought to turn the tide, but by a system of "colonization," so long resorted to in the cities of New York and Philadelphia, republicans were "colonized" from states that were surely democratic and scattered in the then doubtful states of Indiana, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Ohio, Kansas and California, where they were given employment and their expenses paid from the \$5,000,000 extra campaign fund. These "colonists" were easily convinced that their votes would not count in the "Solid South" which was surely democratic, and that having been deprived of the right of suffrage there fraudulently they had a moral right to vote for president, being citizens of the United States. By this argument their consciences were stifled and they did not regard it as a serious sin to practice deception in falsely claiming residence and securing registration where they had no legal right to vote. The possibility of doing this shows a serious defect in our system to which statesmen of both parties are giving some attention. It is a notorious fact that both of the old parties have resorted to this disreputable practice. The repub-

licans charged it with good reason against the democratic party in the campaign of 1884, when democrats were "colonized" from the sure republican states of New England and voted in the cities of the doubtful states. More than enough democrats were "colonized" in the city of New York to carry the state against Blaine. Two measures are necessary to the eradication of this evil; first the election of president by popular instead of electoral vote; second, the prevention under heavy penalty of the use of enormous campaign funds.

A brief rejoinder to Mr. Reed's criticism is made in the next address—that of 1898.

5. This prediction failed of verification in 1900.
6. This has proven to be prophetic.
7. This implies an undeserved criticism and was born of the writer's Cuban enthusiasm. Many people thought our government should have taken an earlier part in the struggle.

Carrier's Address, Jan. 1, 1898.

Kind patrons, this is New Year's day,
And the carrier boy is Willie Millay;
I find myself in Baier's shoes,
With the Chilton Times, brim full of news,
Which I present at every door
Within a mile of Dorschel's store;
Each loyal carrier of the Times
Addressed his friends in New Year rhymes,
Long, long before the light of day,
Fell on the eyes of Willie Millay.

Shall I, the last of the boyish line
Neglect a duty clearly mine,
For fear some Reed with putrid gush
Should dub my best production "mush?"
Not I, I'll hew right to the line,
E'en though my chips may fret the kine;

No minion of that syndicate,
Whose power misguides the ship of state,
Shall make the faithful carrier pause
In Bryan's patriotic cause.

Old Ninety-Seven, the parting year,
Began his notable career,
With Cleveland still in Jackson's chair,
But none of Jackson's spirit there.
The banks had never tried in vain,
To move him with their endless chain.
When March her noisy clarion blew,
The man of adipose withdrew,
And left the presidential chair,
The only multi-millionaire;
But ere he skipped he smiled to see
"The agent of Prosperity"
Ensconced within the White House door,
Where statesmen dwelt long years before.
The congress was convened to kill
The vicious Wilson-Gorman Bill,
To which were charged all ills and crimes,
And long stagnation of the times.
So, Dingley's high protection measure,
To flood the land with golden treasure,
Was hurried through with great celerity,
To lead the era of prosperity;
And Gage, the bankers' nearest friend,
Proclaimed the hard times at an end,
And said he saw the golden dawn,
As plain as sunshine on the lawn;
But people heard him with derision,
For no one else had seen the vision,
As every factory and mill
Appeared a paralytic still;
And ruin held a royal feast
For business failures still increased.
Still Gage had only "rushed he season;"

He had a most sagacious reason,
On which to base his allegation;
He knew the bankers of the nation,
His brothers and his lordly masters
That thrive on popular disasters,
Had planned to put in operation
A scheme of moderate inflation,
For well the crafty Shylocks know
Their party's utter overthrow
Was coming like an inundation,
Unless they eased the situation.
Great crops joined hands with foreign need
To make the cunning plan succeed,
While rising prices—still too low
Caused Gage to say, "I told you so."
He has the monumental gall
To say the tariff did it all.
McKinley's message in December,
Said something we should all remember,
Although the tariff for protection
Is the quintessence of perfection,
He intimates another issue
Of hateful bonds—the devil's tissue.

Of all grave questions which the nation
Has under its consideration,
There's none more high nor deeper yet,
Than that of money and of debt.
When I'm a man, with heart and soul,
I'll help that party to control,
Whose purpose and whose manly stand,
Shall be to free our native land
From bonds and bondage—kith and kin
And cursed progeny of sin.

Great Wolcott's European tour,
The rights of silver to secure,

Resulted in deserved disgrace,
A veritable "wild goose chase;"
By it was Uncle Sammy hurled
From head of the commercial world.
Come solve me this most puzzling riddle:
Why should we play second fiddle
And sell our silver for its half
And worship England's golden calf?
McKinley says our claim is right
Still works for gold with all his might.
November came with its elections,
And wide republican defections;
Mark Hanna labored with dexterity
To paint the dawning of prosperity,
But Buckeye miners couldn't wait
And so he almost¹ (?) lost the state.

Kentucky fired her greatest gun,
And sunk Carlisle and Watterson;
The latter ceased his useless fight,
The former's buried out of sight.
One thing republicans must own,
"Nebraska's lunacy" has grown.

New York, well named the Empire State,
Was called to mourn the sudden fate
Of Henry George² whose arm of might
Was raised in battle for the right;
He died well crowned with honored age
A true philanthropist and sage.

Kind patrons, this is my debut,
And as I make my bow to you,
I bid you all a glad New Year,
Fat turkey, goose and wholesome cheer.
Remember with kind generosity
The maxim of reciprocity.

WILLIE MILLAY.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

1. The legislature on a close canvass showed that Senator Hanna was beaten, but by corrupt manipulation (as was charged) he was elected by a majority of one. The next legislature passed a resolution charging that Hanna secured his election by the corrupt use of money and offered to prove the allegation, but the investigation of the charges was stifled in the senate.

2. The author of Progress and Poverty or Single Tax. He died suddenly during the campaign in which he was running for mayor of New York.

3. Reed had the good sense not to undertake a reply to this unanswerable thrust; because its truth is apparent and its justice unassailable.

The Australian's Rejoinder

I grant, you uncle, clever at good rhyme,
In raising "Roosey" to a state sublime,
But yet your verse in muddy rapture flows
And more his errors than his beauty shows.
You've rushed to arms in an unequal strife,
And rashness thus may cause regret for life.
Stop while you may, avoid the threatened fate,
Fools stay to feel it and are wise too late.

I'll fight you fiercely to the bitter end,
My country, king and Edward to defend.
There shall I stand, my spirit all afire,
There shall I fight till you or I expire.
War is my business, words are my defense,
My intellect 'gainst yours, sense against sense.

You tell me "Roosey" is the best of men,
Excelling Edward with his sword and pen.
That Edward is a ruler "ready made,"
Thats true, but isn't "Roosey" jerry made?
Now, from his head shall I presume to tear

That sacred wreath he ill deserves to wear!
"Roosey" is a king, go tell it everywhere,
Since that brave hero slew a grizzly bear
While yet it slept. The leaden missile sped—
A clap from Jove—a death wound from your Ted.
So from his wounds the forest giant bleeds,
And "Roosey" gets applause for mighty deeds.
Thus falls old bruin like a snowy flake,
And waits for "Roosey" at the Stygian lake.
Thus bruin, waiting in the realm below:
"When you come here, you'll meet your ancient foe,
I'll show you that my velvet paw
Is but a sheath for lacerating claw.
How'dy-do, Roosey? Come here if you dare,
And take one hug from your darling bear!
I'll show you Orion, the bear, stars and moon,
The Styx with its brimstone—hell fire, lay on—
I'll fix you, gee whiz, you bet y'r sure,
I'll give it you good—the pure of the pure."

"Character wins the day" in your great land
And the cotter's sons the highest right's command;
But take a man at random from the crowd,
And he's ambitious, covetous and proud.

W. T. S.

The Replication

Dear cousin, your epistle of July,
Came like a flood of sunshine from the sky,
Bringing glad tidings from the sunny South,
That land of brainy men and torrid drouth—
Came while a storm of equinoxial rain
Made rills on hillsides, pools upon the plain.
My ardent wish was that God's right hand
Would waft it gently o'er your thirsty land,
As we could well afford to barter rains
For the warm sunshine of your arid plains.

While gems of thought your messages adorn,
I longed to learn about your Yankee corn.¹
But you assume a harder task, I see;
To elevate the front of royalty,
And lift your Edward's gem-crowned head
Even above that of Matchless Ted.
I offer no objection, never,
To have you make your pen a lever,
By citing acts your paragon has done,
Feats of his arm or mental exploits won.

There was a time when royal diadem
Adorned the brow with scintillating gem,
Alfred, William, and the Russian Peter,
Whose praise was warbled in heroic meter.
That time is past, now some proud scion,
Wearing the mane of antiquated lion,
Whose noble quality is but a fable,
Exploits the horse race and gaming table.
Our noble Washington, with manly pride,
Put the proffered cranial canopy aside.
Is not the time arrived when men can put away
These tinsel follies of an earlier day,
And choose from out the noble of the land
As we have done, a freeman great and grand?

Now, my dear nephew, think you it is fair
To so distort the story of the bear,
By hinting that our doughty Teddy crept
Up behind and shot him while he slept?
As Bruin never hibernates, you see
In the tall branches of a huge fir tree.
Nor is it just to credit mighty Jove
With being Ted's auxiliary above,
For he requires no spirits of the air
To aid him in a conflict with a bear.
A mightier power did he put to flight
At San Juan Hill, as champion of the right.

If bruin's waiting at the Stygian pool,
He'll rest him there upon Pluto's stool
Till some of Europe's idle royal races
Go there to take their subterranean places;
And, seeing bruin, hasten to their roast,
Nor dare to tackle even bruin's ghost;
While Teddy takes his flight above
To share the seat of awe-inspiring Jove.
To teach the potent ruler of the air
To measure justice with unerring care—
To banish sultans, emperors and kings,
And all such useless and expensive things.

The die is cast. Now, nephew, honor bright,
Can you afford to make the bloodless fight
Against the brave, the faithful, honest Teddy?
If so, come on, you'll find your uncle ready
For he takes undisguised delight
In standing forth, defender of the right.
His pen is dipped in vitriol for the wrong—
In nectar for the just, in virtue strong.

Which would you have—all prejudice aside—
The royal pageant with its courtly pride,
A kingly mind of mediocre dower,
Or a bold chieftain with majestic power—
Highest equipment of body and of mind,
Fit to direct the rulers of mankind?
Your tongue and pen may place you with the king;
Your heart, I ween, another tune must sing.
For royal fudge, its tinsel and parade
Is but a fraud, your manhood to degrade.
I do not flatter when I boldly state
Your head ranks far above the royal pate.
If "muddy rapture" compliments the good,
I love to revel in a sea of mud.

"Jerry made?—Not much, he's now assayed
Pure bullion, he—his laurels will not fade.

If "the man selected from the crowd
Becomes ambitious, covetous, and proud,"
He is no worse than all the queens and kings
Since Time began to flap his fleecy wings.
He's free from wild extravagance and waste,
For these require a cultivated taste.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.

1. The writer had given the Australian nephew some seed corn which he took back with him and planted, but of which he did not make a full report.

Sardie Gill.

Old Sardie came across the "pond"
From the Green Island just beyond,
Where, in defiance of the law,
He made his darling ishkabaugh.¹
The prowling peelers found his still
And prosecuted Sardie Gill.

Long had he planned to cross the sea
To this asylum of the free.
He landed on Rhode Island's shore,
Where Roger Williams long before
Was driven by the rigid rule
Of Plymouth's Puritanic school.
He labored in her cotton mills,
Himself and all his little Gills.
He locked his money in his chest
With constant eye upon the West,
And nursed a laudable ambition
Beyond the cotton mill's attrition.

Tom Higgins² sent such tidings back
That many took his western track,
Forsook the weft of cotton goods
For homes in wild Wisconsin's woods.

The Forkins, Connellys and Boyles,
Undaunted by the forest toils,
McCuskers, Connoughtons and Nolans,
All men of brawn, although no solons.
Duffys, Vallilys and Gills,
McCaslins, Owens, men of wills.
Gibson, Skahen and the Warrens,
Who knew good land from sterile barrens,
Dilleys, Callahans and Hickey,
Not one of whom was mean or tricky.
The Minahans brought up the rear
And added to the forest cheer.

Each wanted an ideal nook,
And found it near the Stony Brook³
Each reared a blockhouse habitation,
All aided in the operation;
The whiskey drinking was amazing,
At every bee and every raising.
For none expected compensation
Beyond good food and liquor ration;
Insulted and supremely slighted,
Was he who failed to be invited.
All bought their goods at Michael's⁴ store
And many a jug they homeward bore;
On every blessed Sabbath day
They went to town to trade or pray;
'Twas no uncommon thing to lag
And carry home a heavy jag.

Thus Sardie Gill, the cunning blade,
Envied Michael's thriving trade,
So he proceeded with a will
To excavate a neighboring hill.
He made a cavern deep and wide,
In which a regiment could hide.
His active efforts knew no halt
While he prepared his barley malt.

Old David Ebert⁵ made his still,
And thus equipped, old Sardie Gill
Distilled his beverage unseen
And reveled in his fine poteen.
Full fifty gallons were distilled
And two large kegs completely filled.
To sell one keg was his design
(It was his first-proof brandywine),
The second keg he put aside,
To treat his neighbors far and wide.

So one fine Sunday afternoon,
In the blooming month of June,
The neighbors came o'er every road.
In jovial crowds to Gill's abode.

He passed around his "cruisken laun"
'Till all were resting on the lawn.
Fair women and athletic men
Sang merrily near Sardie's den.

Passing strangers viewed the scene,
Puzzled to know what it could mean.
The facts in time were widely known,
And reached the ear of Marshal Cone.⁶
He went there to attach the still
And lead to prison Sardie Gill.

Old Sardie met him at his door,
And gave him ishkabaugh galore,
This warmed the frigid heart of Cone,
And when he left he went alone.
But at his going said to Gill:
"I came here to attach your still.
While with the law you played the deuce,
You made the grog for private use.
I see you did not know the law,
So hide your traps and I'll withdraw."

'Twas noised about that Gill was fined;
Not so, the officer was blind—
Self-blinded by the wizard gas
Arising from the whiskey glass.

Poor Sardie thought he did no harm,
Yet he had lost his little farm
Had not the law been circumvented
And had the marshal not relented.

The upshot of the whole commotion
Was, Gill gave up his cherished notion
Of making liquor for the gang,
And closed his underground shebang.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

1. This is the Irish word for whiskey, and means, literally, fattening water—a clear misnomer.
2. Thomas Higgins was the first of the Irish settlers coming from Rhode Island.
3. A branch of the Manitowoc river.
4. Michael Connelly, who kept a general store in Chilton.
5. David Ebert was a tinsmith and hardware dealer at Chilton.
6. Elijah Cone, son of one of the American pioneers of the town. He was United States marshal.

A friend, fearing that the narration of the facts in this poem would prove offensive to the descendents of the old pioneers, advised against its publication, but as my own children are among the number and do not object, the poem with its narration of historical facts, brings up the rear of my little collection.

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